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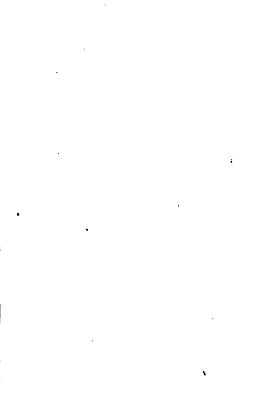
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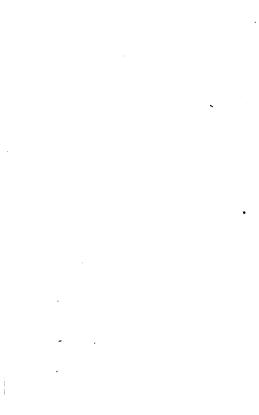
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GREATEST BLESSING OF LIFE;

or,

THE ADVENTURES OF

Catharine Sinclair,

A DOMESTIC,

In Search of a Good Mistress,

By a Gervant of Servants.

PAWTUCKET:

BLISS, POTTER & CO.

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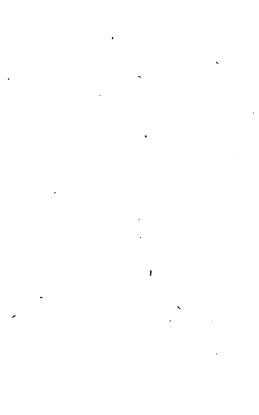
PREFACE.

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THE idea of this little book, was suggested by seeing, in a book shop, the title of a new work called—"The Greatest Plague in Life, or the adventures of a Lady in search of a servant." I have never seen or read the work, and this is not written in opposition to that book, which may, for aught I know, be fraught with truth.

But the thought struck my mind, that servants have not already the ability to write for themselves, and never the leisure, and, in consideration of that, I took up my pen in their service, and became, in this way,

A SERVANT OF SERVANTS.



The Greatest Blessing of Life, &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Fashionable Mistress.

CATHERINE SINCLAIR, was the eldest child of a country Shoe-maker who lived in a back country village of New-England. James Sinclair was a worthy Christian, but of a slender constitution; his wife had died at the birth of their fourth child, and, ever since, Catherine had supplied her place in their little family. They were poor, but managed to live by hiring a little land and by the profits of their trade, till, in an evil hour, a neighbor who had been successful, persuaded James to remove to a great city at a far distance from his rural home. The change in his manner of life, confined air,

and close employment, threw him into a consumption, and his lingering sickness absorbed the little savings he had laid by for his family, whom he tenderly loved. Calling his daughter Catherine to his bedside, a little before his death, he speke to her to this effect,-" My dear child, I am about to leave you, but do not grieve for your father, who is dying in peace; you are a believer, and know where to look for consolation when I am gone,-I know you will take good care of the children, Catherine, for you have always been like a faithful mother to them. I meant to give you a trade, but this sickness has spoiled all my plans; yet all is for the best; you will have to go out to service, in order to maintain the children till they can do for themselves. Mary is twelve, now; she gets slop work and will keep the house. Richard and Charles must be kept at school, (and, thank God there are freeschools,) till they are old enough to labor

themselves. I don't want them to be put into the factories, and over-worked at their tender age. And, dear Catherine, look up to Jesus to protect your fatherless youth. I am not afraid that aught will hurt you, while you keep near him." So saying, the dying man affectionately kissed his weeping child, and not many hours after expired.

"Do you want to hire?" said the meek and sweet voice of a young girl, to Mrs. Roberts, the housekeeper of the wealthy, and highly fashionable family of Arlingtons; "do you want to hire?" said she, presenting herself at the door of the private parlor of that official. "Why, I don't know, exactly," said the goodly and portly Mrs. Roberts, lifting up her spectacles, and pushing back her chair from the fire, eyeing the girl closely, all the while. "Come in, and I will talk with you; where did you live last?" "I have never lived out at service yet," replied the young girl. "Aint

you the girl that has been looking about for a place a week or two past?" "Yes, Ma'am, lam; they all would give me little or no wages for what I could do, so, hearing they wanted help here, I came, hoping that, as Mrs. Arlington was a very rich lady, she would give me more." " Mrs. Arlington," said Mrs. Roberts, "does not trouble her head about these things, I manage all my own way. How old are you, and what can you do?" "Fifteen years old, Ma'am, and am willing to work; I don't understand nice cooking, but I can do chamber work, and all that sort." "Then, as I want a girl about your size, and am quite sick of these vagabond Irishers, and the Abolitionists have spoiled all the Niggers, I will take you on trial for fifty cents a week, to do anything you can." "Fifty cents a week!" thought the young candidate; "with all the slop work poor Mary can do, it will never pay for the room and feed poor little Charles and Rich-

ard. Fifty cents a week!" said she, (and the tears sprang to her sweet blue eves.) " is that all you can give me?" "Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Roberts, "and quite enough for such a slim slip of a thing as you are, but," (lowering her voice to a confidential tone) if you will do some little private jobs for me, I will give you twentyfive cents, out of my own pocket, which will make quite handsome pay." Catherine looked down: a sort of indistinct unessiness came over her at the mention of private jobs; but the thought of the poor little brothers predominated. "I will come," said she, "and try; but can't I see Mrs. Arlington?" "La! bless me!" said Mrs. Roberts, "what would that signify? every thing in this house, as to woman's help, is as I say." "But will she be a good Lady to serve?" "Seems to me," quoth Mrs. Roberts, " you are very queer; don't you understand that Mrs. Arlington has nothing to do in the matter? she is very younge, and always gives in to my judgment." "Excuse me," said Catherine, "but I always thought half the battle, in living out, was to get a good mistress." "Young folks, especially servants, think altogether too much for their good, these times," said the sapient Mrs.Roberts, " but go now, and come to-morrow early to your place." The next morning saw our Catherine in her new station. "Do tell me if that is the new girl," said the cook, to the waiting girl, "she will never do here, she is teo up in the instep; why she is primmed up as nice as anybody here, in the morning." Poor Catherine, in consideration of her going into such a very top genteel family, had put on all she had, pretty or sightable, in her wardrobe, rather more than was usually put on at the morning toilettes of the servants of the Arlington's. Her country finery, and her rustic simplicity, made her the subject of a general titter, as she entered the kitchen at breakfast time and

attempted to take her seat,—"Come, don't sit there, "said the cook,—(the lady paramount of that ascendancy; as very a tyrant in her sphere, as the Autocrat of the Russias,) "that is my place;" Catherina timidly tried the next seat; "not there, that is Jane's place; nor that neither," said she; as Catherine essayed to take another seat—that is Peter's place.—Ca'nt you take your victuals, child, and sit down on that seat by the fire, and eat there? I'll give you something;" so she gave her a plate with a slim allowance indeed; but Catherine took it quietly.

Having given her last nights supper, however, to her little brothers, she was very hungry, and her mouth watered for the viands before her; at length she ventured to ask the cook for a very small piece of beef steak—"No," said the cook, "there is very little left, and that I mean to keep for a particular relish for myself, when I get faint in the forenoon." Catherine soon

found that her business here seemed to be to do every disagreeable thing the rest were unwilling to do—she was chambermaid, housekeeper's and cook's assistant, although, nominally, under chambermaid,—between them all, she worked from early in the morning, to late at night, and, though the house was one of profuse abundance, through the tyranny of the cook, and the management of the housekeeper, she fared often scantily. But Catherine's christian cheerfulness kept her content, although often well snubbed, both in kitchen and parlor.

Mrs. Roberts had, as yet, said nothing of the private jobs; but, one day, as Catherine was arranging the table in the breakfast room, Mrs. Roberts came in. "Come into my room," said she, "to night after supper; I want to to see you for something." Catherine went at night as desired, and, Mrs. Roberts calling her in, begun discourse on this wise. "You

remember Mrs. Tuttle, the laundress and grocer's wife, where you went yesterday? well, take this basket under your cloak to her, and take what she gives you, and come straight to me; if you meet anybody, and they ask you where you are going, tell them it is Mrs. Roberts' dirty clothes. going to Mrs. Tuttle's."-Catherine departed, and it never occurred to the simplehearted little soul, that her freight might not be according to Mrs. Reberts' bill of lading-dirty clothes-and that this was one of the conditional "private jobs." Going through the hall, she encountered Peter, a witty and saucy fellow, who had long been in Mr. Arlington's service. "Where are you hurrying so fast?" said he to Catherine." "To Mrs. Tuttle's, with Mrs. Roberts's dirty clothes." know better, you little rogue," said he; "come, let me see these dirty clothes." "Let them alone," said Catherine, who still thought no harm,-" You don't cheat

me," said Peter, "I found all this out when Bridget O'Brien was in your place, and always took toll out of her basket,but I know it is nothing less than some of the good things which Mrs. Roberts exchanges for some delicate spiced cordial, prepared and sold by Mrs. Tuttle, and used by Mrs. Roberts, by way of night-cap; and here," said he, forcibly breaking the strong string which confined the lid of the basket, and raising the cover, "kere is proof, if you do not believe me." True enough, almost the whole of a large fowl surmounted a very choice sort of pudding, and beneath that nestled a paper of the best hyson, and a quantity of crushed loafsugar .- "Where did she get these?" said Catherine, astonished, "and why did she tell me a falsehood!" "Best known to herself," quoth Peter; "but step here with me into the pantry, and let me cut a slice or two of that nice fowl for my supper, Mrs. Tuttle may have the rest." "No."

said Catherine, "you must give me back the basket, and I will go to Mrs. Roberts and find out what this means." you will find out what it means to be turned out of doors," said Peter; "you had better do as I say." "Would you have me dishonest?" said Catherine, as she took the basket which Peter yielded up the more readily, as he heard the sound of footsteps drawing near. Catherine went directly to Mrs. Roberts, who was surprised to see her back so soon. "You have returned very soon," said she. Catherine simply detailed what had just taken place. Mrs. Roberts's crimson flushed into purple and her eyes dilated, as she rose and approached the unfortunate Catherine; "you may take yourself out of the house," said she, "for the greatest fool that was ever in it; you want to make a towse, here in the house, does ye? I find you, saints, are worse than the vagabond Irishers."-So saying, she pushed her out of the door, .

rang the bell violently, and Peter appeared. "Here, Peter," said she, "turn this huzzy out of doors, who has been stealing a whole basket full of provision for herself and her family." Catherine would have spoken. "SILENCE," thundered Mrs. Roberts, "you are well off not to be put in jail; and, Peter, when you have locked her out, come up to me." Peter obeyed, but, conscience stricken, slipped half a dollar into Catherine's hand. Mrs. Roberts was. in her way, a profound diplomatist; she knew that Peter was a favorite in the family. He knew the power and influence Mrs. Roberts had acquired-They feared each other; so the two made a treaty of amity, that night, the leading terms of which were, that Peter should do Mrs. Roberts's private errands, and he, on his part, was to enjoy certain perquisites, peculiarly in the gift of Mrs. Roberts; so thus these two worthies shook hands with each other, while the poor young lamb, Catherine,

pursued her way to her little garret home, through a thickly falling snow. Strange thought to a worldling! she had the lightest heart of the three, for her good conscience went with her, like a smiling angel, and she lay down on her straw pallet, in a state monarchs might envy.

CHAPTER II.

The Notable Mistress.

THE next morning, although there had been a heavy snow, Catherine prepared to recommence her search for a place, leaving the silver, Peter had given her, to supply present wants. She had prepared herself for new trials, by seeking strength where help alone is found, and, kissing the two little boys, descended the stairs with light steps. - She was surprised, on opening the door, to encounter Peter, with a warm brown loaf in his hand. "Here," said he, 44 this is for the children. It is not stolen. or else I know you would not take it. I am a wicked fellow, and I know it, but it made my heart ache to turn you out of doors in that storm, and I now will try to

put you in a way of getting a place; there is an Intelligence Office, at the head of the street, where you can find almost just such a place as you want, and here is a little money to pay the man; take it, for it is no more than right, as I was the means of getting you turned off, though I think you were more nice than wise about the basket." "I think all sorts of stealing very wicked," said Catherine. "Suppose it is," said Peter, "housekeepers, in rich families, always have some little perquisites; the cook has hers, and I have mine." " But does Mr. and Mrs. Arlington know this?" "Oh, I don't know, but it is an understood thing." His logic failed to convince Catherine, though she thanked him for his kindness, and gave him some few words of advice. Catherine had heard her father tell, when at home, in how many ways young girls from the country were entrapped, and, from cautious prudence, had, hitherto, shunned all intelli-

gence offices, good or bad, but her case was desperate; she knew nobody; and if she did not work, her brothers would suffer. Away then she hurried to the intelligence office, A Lady was in the office; "remember, Mr. Jackson," said the Lady, "I want a good active girl from the country;" and then observing Catherine,-" do you want a place?" said she; "Yes Ma'am," was the reply. "Where are you from?" "From the country." "That is just what I want. How old are you?" "Fifteen." " Rather young, but you will want less wages; will you come and live with me for a dollar a week? we keep but one servant, but my work is very light; a smart girl can have all her evenings, and some of her afternoons to herself." "I should like to come and try if I can do the work," said Catherine. "Who have you lived with?" enquired the Lady. "I have never lived in any family but at Mr. Arlington's for a week," replied Catherine. "And did they

give you no character?" "No, Ma'am; I was turned off," said Catherine, innocently. "And for what?" said the Lady, with a side smile to Mr. Jackson. "I do not like to tell," said Catherine, "but it was not any fault of mine." "If you will sit here in the shop," said Mrs. Stanley, " I will return in a short time;" so saying, she retired, ascended the cab which was in waiting for her, and rode off to Mrs. Arlington's.-She was ushered into a room, where the rich, beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Arlington, was reclining on a couch, reading the last new novel; as lamentably indifferent to every thing out of her own sphere of high ton as some favorite of an Eastern harem of the world at large. She was, indeed, a striking contrast, in her elegant refined ease, to the quick and active . Mrs. Stanley. Both were equally worldly. But of the one, her business was pleasure, of the other, her pleasure was business-. . Over each of them the illusions of life were

so potent, that they were entirely indifferent to another. They occupied their seats at church, on Sunday; one meditating schemes of business, the other revolving future pleasures.-Mrs Stanley eyed the elegant fashionable, with secret scorn of her uselessness; and Mrs. Arlington was shocked at the abrupt vivacity with which Mrs. Stanley disclosed her errand. She heard her errand through, and ringing the bell, Peter appeared. "Peter," said she languidly, "go and enquire of Mrs. Roberts, the character of one Catherine Sinclair, who left here last night, for some reason or other, for, really, there are so many, coming and going, I cannot remember them." Peter heard, and at once resolved what to do; he only pretended to go to Mrs Roberts, and returning, said, " Mrs. Roberts was too much engaged to come herself, but bade him tell the Lady, that Catherine was a very good girl, only there was a difficulty between her and one of the

older servants, and Mrs. Roberts thought it best to dismiss her. Not a word of enquiry did Mrs. Arlington make; and this lazy indifference had won for her the name of a lady very easy to live with, among the domestics of the city.

Mrs. Stanley taking leave, returned to the office, congratulating herself on the personal freedom from the abominable sin of laziness.—She immediately engaged Catherine, and, seating her in the cab, ordered the cabman to drive to her residence.

Mrs. Stanley, with whom Catherine was to make her second essay, was a very notable New-England housewife. The energy of the Yankee character was worked out in good earnest, in her household arrangements, and, to enter within the sphere where she delighted to move, one would think that the all important business of Heaven and earth, was to eat and drink, and to keep every thing bright and shining, and in the most perfect order within her

domicil: for this the older ones were put to school, and each instructed baby had its rule. She was the mother of six children, and the wife of a thriving business-man. The children were sent to school as soon, almost, as they could walk, and when at home, were under such discipline, that it was often her boast, that they did not dare to say, "their souls were their own." When they returned from school, they were made to keep still, lest they should dirty their pinafores or trowsers. Mr. Stanley himself understood the rules to the letter; always took off his India rubbers on the steps, and in speaking of his merits, his good lady never failed to remark, as his highest praise, that he never brought a speck of dirt into the house, and never put the leastest thing out of place. He was, indeed, exceedingly well trained.

This couple had as little realization of another and a higher life, as any in pagan lands. Our civilized, church-going, gospel heathen, are thicker than musquitoes in a marsh. The children went to Sunday school, and drummed through their lessons. The Master, Mistress and family went to church, and drowsed or dreamed through the services.

It was well for them to attend to their business, and keep their house in order, but it was sad that this was their highest aim. The highest pleasure of the household, was a well dressed dinner; what could the children be, under such an influence? yet good came out of Nazareth.

Into this household came Catherine, and Mrs. Stanley read her a lecture coming home. "You will have to sleep up garret," said she; "it is rather cold, but a nice place; I make my little boys sleep up there in summer, in order that the chambers may be keptinicely; you must have your house shoes and yard shoes; you will have always to slip your shoes off when you go up the front stairs, so as not to soil the car-

pet. I see you are country bred; you must learn to call my daughters Miss, and my boys Master; you must never make company with them at all, but keep in your place; you will have three fires to make in the morning; our cooking, washing, ironing and cleaning to do under my direction; and, till you get trained, I shall never leave you a moment, morning or night. My last girl used to tend our little Neddy, when she got through, but this year, in the spring cleaning, when our whole house was open and under water a day or two, somehow, little Neddy took the croup and died .- I have lost several children that time of the year, and never could make out what it was. I shall not expect you to make a bit of dirt, or raise a dust, making · these fires; I will teach you all about it.

Catherine soon found her place was no sinecure. She knew not how general an opinion it was, among ladies who hire, that their work was light; but Mrs. Stanley's light work, was a fair sample of this sort of easy places. Instead of having any time afternoons, she usually worked till late in the evening, which Mrs. Stanley, did not fail to attribute to her want of faculty. Monday was, all the year round, washing day, and, if fair, ironing day also. On this important morning, Mrs. Stanley, and Catherine were both up before light, and their line was filled by sunrise-summer and winter. Then Catherine made the other fires and prepared breakfast .-The two daughters attended to the chambers, but were never permitted to descend to the kitchen, except alternately once a week .-- on Fridays .-- when they received a lesson of cookery, under such restrictions, as were eminently calculated to associate. ill humor and fault finding with that, in itself, interesting operation.

They never had exchanged a word with Catherine, except in the form of an order.

The only relief Catherine gained from her usual toil on Monday was, that the young ladies arranged the parlors on that day, and on every day, they washed the breakfast services.—But, commonly, on Mondays, Catherine's labors ceased not till very late indeed, and then she crept up to her cold garret, with her shoes off, but oftentimes so tired she could not sleep from over exertion.

Tuesdays and Fridays were baking days; Wednesdays and Saturdays were scrubbing days. But, besides the incessant labor, was the constant annoyance of having Mrs. Stanley continually overseeing her, and trying her with her extreme particularity; almost every day she had to scour the brasses, several times over, before they could attain the expected degree of brilliancy; the dressers must be scoured into cream-like whiteness; the whole establishment must be unblemished. A few drops of water spilt would cause a long lecture;

and after a little mud brought into the house, it would require the whole river Lethe, to wash it from the memory of Mrs. Stanley. Poor Catherine did the very best she could, but, after all, she did not satisfy, nor could she hope to satisfy Mrs. Stanley.

"Catherine is very neat," Mrs. Stanley would say, "but, after all, she is not exactly so neat as I like. She works till late in the evening! only think, my light work kept about till late in the evening! By drilling and drilling myself to death, I have taught her to cook very well, if I stand over her and tell her over and over, what to do. True, she says she can do better if I leave her alone, but I like to see how my food is prepared, and then I know it is clean Then another of my trials is this, she is very pious, and wont cook much Sundays, which is the most convenient day for Mr. Stanley to give his friends a dinner. So there are my trials; and yet Catherine is the best help I ever had.



Poor Catherine was soon completely worn out, but, as Mrs. Stanley gave her all the cold victuals for her little family, and often made her presents, she tried to get along with the enormous load of work, and would have staid till her health was all gone, when, luckily for her life, a little incident deprived her of her place. It was towards spring, and Mrs Stanley's two eldest sons came home in vacation. The eldest. Edward, was taken very ill of a fever, soon after his return-Catherine had never heard a word said about God or religion, in that house, since she came into it. It would seem as if, indeed, their inward thought was, that "their house should continue forever, their dwelling place to all generations;" and even now, when sickness assailed their dear son, they only studied that he should not be alarmed. But Catherine felt his case; she was called, one night, to watch with the sick youth-no one dreaming that she would presume to

speak to him of religion.—But she did; and so it was that her artless words, and her humble prayer, awakened him, and, at length, in a few days, as she was often with him, he found peace. But he had said nothing, as yet. to his parents; indeed, he was too weak to brave the opposition he must meet with from them; but, one day, Catherine, being left to watch the invalid at supper time, was praying with him, when one of the young ladies came into the room suddenly. She entered without speaking; and they knew not that she had entered; but, returning to the family room, shea nnounced her discovery. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, were very indignant; her presumption was arraigned, and the most tender fears, expressed that their poor Edward should be unduly alarmed. But it was necessary, Mrs. Stanley said, that they should move cautiously, for fear of exciting Edward in his weak state. They waited, therefore, till she came down,



and then summoned her into the room. Mr. Stanley handed her the amount of wages due to her, and advised her, the next family she went into, not to constitute herself the family chaplain, without a special call to the office. Mrs. Stanley told her, if her Edward died from undue alarm, she should consider her as the means of his death. And, with these and such like benedictions, they hastened out of their house the greatest blessing they had ever had in it.

After leaving there, she found a place for one of her brothers, in another city, and she removed thither with her little family.

CHAPTER III.

The Careless Mistress.

A very great contrast to Mrs. Stanley, was the Lady who next employed our Catherine. Mrs. Lovell was one of those people who take life easy, as the saying is. Her help, her children, her husband and herself, did pretty much as they pleased.—When Catherine first heard of her, she felt as if such a place would be a relief, after the stern rule of Mrs. Stanley.

She had learned much there of household business, and could now command good wages. After her removal, she spent a week's rest with Mary and her dear little brothers, for whom she had hired a snug tenement, in the outskirts of the city. She then went to Mrs. Lovell, as cook. She had been preceded in her office, by a woman too slack even for the indulgent Mrs. Lovell, and she found herself in a large, and what would have been a convenient kitchen, but that it was a perfect scene of confusion and disorder. Catherine felt as if she could not work in such a place with any degree of comfort, after the exact order and neatness to which she had been accustomed; so she very earnestly commenced a reformation; with much labor she succeeded in bringing order out of confusion. The late dingy utensils were all cleaned, and the shelves, floors and windows thoroughly purified, when Catherine set herself about the more immediate business as cook. Mrs. Lovell very kindly told her she had taken too much trouble, and not to do too much, for it would do little good, things would get just as bad as ever, soon. Catherine soon found that to keep things in order, in that house, was a a task that was unending. Mrs. Lovell's boys trampled mud all over her floor, pulled down her dishes, greased her shelves, . and were always making candy, or doing something in the kitchen. Catherine was very good natured, but, when she saw all her labors were for naught, and dirt and confusion were to be her portion, she sighed, even, for the severe restriction of Mrs. Stanley's household. She could not have staid there a week, but her feelings were quick, and the Lovells, though careless, were very kind in their bearing to her; and Catherine, what would she not do, and bear, if kindly used! She toiled after them all, repairing, as well as she could, their thoughtless waste and slovenliness; but, at last, she went to Mrs. Lovell, and told her that, pleasant as her situation was in many respects, she could not stay where herl abors to be neat and orderly were in Mrs. Lovell expressed much surprise at this step. "Has anybody offered you higher wages?" said she. give you as much as any one." " No."

said Catherine; if I wanted my wages raised, I would tell you so, frankly, but that is not the case; my place would be an excellent one if I could have my kitchen as I I rose early this morning, before light, and cleaned every thing nicely, and now, oh! I wish you could see it!"-"But can't tou give the boys and girls a good schooling, and drive them out of the kitchen? Do use a little energy, Catherine, I admire energy!!" Cather ne smiled. Who could help it, to see that plump, lazy woman locking to and fro, gently, in her stuffed chair, and talking about energy! "Go, Catherine, I give you full authority to lock up the doors, or do any thing you please-only don't leave us." Catherine thought she would try it a little longer, and see how her new plenary powers would work. She sat down for a few moments, and thought over a few rules, which she immediately wrote down in a fair large hand,-for she had

learned that art in the country-and pasted them up over the fire-place, in the kitchen. The first rule was, that no child must touch any thing in the kitchen, without leave. The second, that the groups of school children, who convened there, should no longer occupy the kitchen as common ground. The third was, that the boys should not draw out slides in the wash room. The fourth, that there should be a whole row of house slippers hung up in the kitchen,-the name of their owners inside—and no one should enter the kitchen in their muddy shoes. There were penalties and rewards. The rewards were a privilege to make molasses candy once a fortnight-and an evening, every week with Catherine, to hear her tell stories, for Catherine's memory was stored with old fashioned stories, of old times, which she had gathered from that venerable chronicler of the past, an aged grandmother. Her punishment was expulsion from the kitchen, and that was a great one to the children, for Catherine was very attractive to them. Considering her gentle nature, and, that her new subjects had never obeyed any body in the house, it was wonderful to see her success. I am not afraid to attribute it to the prayer, by which her own spirit was disciplined, that she controlled others. After some little struggle, she had order in her domains, and her young subjects found it pleasant to sit down with Catherine in a nice clean kitchen. "Well," said Marion Parks, the chambermaid and nurse, "if I could get things regulated in my part of the house, I should be thankful. I scold all day, but to no purpose, and I am going away." " No," said Catherine, laughing, "we will have a revolution up stairs, too." Marion was a church member, but a very crusty one, and she had enough in that house to try her temper. She telt jealous of Catherine, would not hear her advice, and left her place. Catherine had better

success with the next chambermaid-an Irish girl-Ellen O'Donnel. Ellen had been living with one of the despotic sort of cooks who, inflamed by high diet, and working over the fire, are the terror of the kitchen, where they reign. Catherinekind and obliging-soon gained great influence over her coadjutor, and gratified her own benevolence by reducing Mrs. Lovell's domestic Bedlam to perfect order. Catherine continued to live there in peace and prosperity a long time, when a new event took place, which once more threw her upon'the world. I had resolved not to say any thing of Catherine's personal beauty, but to let that secret leak out, as it might through her story. If any sensualist wants to read mere sensual pictures of beauty, he may gratify his taste, I am sorry to say, not only in the two-penny papers of the day, but even in professedly religious books and journals. I am a christian, and cannot cater to his taste. Her picture

is best given in the words of one who knew the right and pursued the wrong.—

"On that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

"What a quotation for a servant!" some will say. Not so fast, my friend; I have seen here, in our New England kitchen, specimens of the purest order of beauty, high spiritual beauty. Drudgery debases, but labor beautifies. But I will not argue the matter. Lieutenant Lawrence Lovell was now ordered to the Navy Yard, near his native city, and, consequently, was often at home. He was no worse and no better than mest men of his stamp and profession, but he had one disadvantage—great personal beauty. Personal beauty, being more rare among men than women, is almost universally an evil, except it be

united to a strong intellect or real piety. I think it needs both; Lovell had neither,and therefore, thought no one could resist him,-and worshipped his own person.-"Mother," said he, "where did you pick up your cook? She is the finest looking girl in the city; no business to be a cook." Very soon, in his visits home, he was almost all of the time in the kitchen. His mother was too indolent to oppose him, any more than by saying, "Now do, Lawrence, let Kate alone this morning,-you are always bothering her!" It was the first time that the tones of love and admiration had fallen on Catherine's ear .--There had been one who, in other days, had risen unbidden to her thoughts, but she had wisely sought to conquer her feelings where there was no chance for hope. But Catherine, though a sincere christian, was not an angel. The love and devotion of the young officer affected her heart, and she loved him ere she was aware. Now

came the struggle between duty and affection. He is my superior in life, thought she. He is not a christian. He is a vain, gay, young man; I must fly from him .--Catherine's resolution, once taken, she was never slow in executing it. She went to Mrs. Lovell and told her intention .-Mrs. Lovell regretted it, but she saw plainly how things were. "I cannot bear to part with you," said she, "but I admire your decision. 1 am a great admirer of decision and force of character, and I like your piety, too-I like to see people religious." "Mrs Lovell," said Catherine, "we are about to part, perhaps forever. It will not do for you or me to admire to see people religious; we must seek to obtain it ourselves." After some other similar remarks. Catherine returned to her little home. So bitter was the conflict in her mind, that she was unable for some weeks to get a place; but, at length, went to live at Mrs. Lawson's-one of the leading republican families of the city.

CHAPTER IV.

The Republican Tyrant Mistress.

Nobory would ever have dreamed of the political theory of the heads of the Lawson family, to have entered their stately mansion; that is, no one could have dreamed it who had not learned the non-importance of political professions of our day. These professors are actually se unlike what they profess to be, that they need a label as much as the picture of a painter, who, happy in his art, used to label his pictures: This is an ox—This is a horse,—in order that the spectator might find out what they were.

Mrs. Lawson combined, what many American ladies do, the fashionable lady, and the complete housekeeper; that is, her housekeeping was complete in its arrangements, so far as the comfort of her own fam-

ily and her guests were concerned; but not so for her help. Catherine went there one of those dark, muddy days, when everything looks so very dull in a great city; and she was taken into the dark, rude kitchen of that splendid house, -a sad place, where the cheering rays of the sun faintly reached, reflected from close walls on the small windows. Here she found Mrs. Lawson, not in her parlor character as the hospitable, elegant lady of the house, but as the exacting, tyrannical shrew of the kitchen. were commonly four domestics in this family, and the whole set were changed, usually, in one revolution of the moon. Dinner was in preparation, and it was a sumptuous one, for the parlor family fared sumptuously every day. Mrs. Lawson kept her own keys, and every thing was under lock and key; and as the lady left the kitchen for a few moments, Catherine said to the cook, who was preparing a very large, fine turkey for roasting, "That is a fine turkey."-

"Yes," said the cook, "but we shall not get any of it; nothing good gets out here; all we have for dinner is a little common butcher's meat and potatoes,-not a pie, not a pudding, not a bit of cake or any such thing, except what we steal, and it takes real mother wit to steal here." The return of the lady put a stop to these remarks.-Catherine still sat, waiting order. One and another of the family came out, inspecting her with an air of cold superiority. At length she was employed, and while she was busy in the chamber, Mrs. Lawson ascended to her own to dress for dinner. The door stood open, and she could not help hearing what the lady said while dressing. "Oh." said she, "how I wish the whipping post could be revived in New England, and I had power to bring my servants up to it,-and here is another one come to day, a fine lady looking thing.' Catherine hurried down stairs, not wishing to hear more, and mentally resolved to endure this no longer than she could

find another employer and give the fair warning to her mistress. They had some company to dianer, and the dinner was exquisitely cooked and abundant in delicacies .--Mirth and wit were plenty, and intellect and taste. But while all was bright here, the servants, after the hospitable and gay scene was over, sat the cold remains of the plainest dish of meat on the table, with some cold potatoes. The next morning the breakfast in the parlor was delicious muffins, hot rolls, coffee, cream, with cold fowl and ham. In the kitchen, they had a little tea and hard bread. Their butter, that day, was ranker than usual, and as Mrs. Lawson passed through the kitchen, one of the servants ventured to say, "Madam Lawson, the butter is very rank." "So much the better." was the amiable reply, " it will last the longer." Catherine was gentle, but she had a free spirit, and she went in after breakfast, and told Mrs. Lawson, as soon as she could find a chambermaid she wished to go, and accordingly left in a very few days.

CHAPTER V.

The Aristocratic Tyrant Mistress—a jump out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.

The next place our Catherine occupied. was in the kitchen of Mrs. Thomas, one of the purest aristocrats in the place. The aristodracy of that city have been remarkable, from their earliest origin, for two things, high pretensions, and what a certain popular lecturer would call, unmitigated rascality .-Mrs. Thomas was a wealthy widow lady, with one son, who was absent from home. She was a belle and a wit, and deeply immersed in gaiety. Her temper was worthy of the furies, nurtured by long years of uncontrolled indulgence. She usually lay in bed till noon, reading all the light literature of the day .-Her coffee was brought to her bed-side, and she would then have what she wished for to eat taken from a closet in her chamber.-But her servant had to wait for her break-

fast until the mistress chose to arise, and then to fare scantily. Catherine soon found that this lady was farther removed from moral suasion than any of her former employers, for, one day, asking a little earnestly for some butter with her dry bread, she received a severe personal attack from the enraged mistress. Catherine did not care to leave directly, for Mrs. Thomas gave good wages and was said to be prompt in payment. But Catherine's heart was most hurt by her inhumanity to the poor, and she refused to turn them away at her bidding .--Towards winter, expecting guests, she hired an additional domestic; and, as she was older than Catherine, took the latter for chambermaid. In the course of the season, she gave some brilliant parties. She told her cook at the first party, if she would take care of every thing, and lock all up, she would treat her and Catherine the following morning. But she gave them nothing .-Mrs. Granger, the cook, was much incensed,

but said nothing. But when the next party was to come off. Mrs. Thomas did not forget to renew her instructions to take care and lock up every thing, as before; but the cook did not wait this time to receive a reward from her mistress, but helped herself plentifully to all the niceties, and said nothing. The next morning, Mrs. Thomas came out with two narrow strips of cake for two domestics. "No, I thank you," said Mrs. Granger, "I did not mean to trust you the second time, and have already helped myself. plentifully." The lady's wrath rose like a hurricane; and Catherine, who luckily had been paid, that day, put on her bonnet, took her little bundle and fled.

CHAPTER VI.

The Infidel Mistress.

The next temporary abode of Catherine, was in the family of Mr. Hargrave, a wealthy merchant. Here was a large establishment and several servants. Catherine had never known any thing of the family before she went to live with them ; and, for the first few days, appearances were very pleasant. Mrs. Hargrave was an accomplished housekeeper, and of a gay, generous disposition; but the trait that pleased Catherine best was her generosity; for want never went unaided from her door. She had, also, the happy faculty of ensuring obedience from her domestics without rigorous discipline. Catherine, for a short time, thought she had found the ultimatum. Mrs. Hargrave diffused an air of cheerfulness and even hiliarity around her, while fulfilling her household avocations. She seemed to bring cheerfulness whenever she appeared, with her figure so light and buoyant, her brilliant teeth and sparkling black eyes, so ready to laugh and be joyous. There was often mirth and fun in the kitchen, but they all knew the work must go on, too, or they must leave.

The bountiful and popular Mrs. Hargrave could always command good help. Catherine was chambermaid, so that she was not so much in the kitchen as other of the servants; but, after the first restraint a new comer gives, was over, Catherine thought there was too great freedom in the conversation she heard there. There was also a jesting with sacred things which was painful to her serious mind. There was a girl among the servants—Ann Gifford—who was the belle of her circle. She was really handsome; with flowing ringlets,—bright eyes and fresh complexion; dressed

a great deal, laughed and talked much, and was an inveterate dancer; but, like most people of an undisciplined mind and strong passions, she was susceptible of envy. As soon as she saw Catherine, with her long dark hair folded simply around her Grecian head, while the lovely soul spoke out through her transparent eyes, she envied her, and privately nicknamed her the Quaker. Catherine was not aware of this, but thought the feelings of her new acquaintance were as kindly as her own. Ann Gifford, Jane Myers, the waiting girl, and Catherine all slept in the same room. The first two or three nights the girls were at the theatre, and Catherine went to bed, and arose before they did. But the third night she retired at the same time they did; and now, for the first time, Catherine felt it a cross to do what she had always done, since first, in infancy, she buried her head in the lap of her now angelic mother and lisped her evening prayer. These jeering girls, thought she, how shall I bear their But looking up, silently, she gathered strength for duty; and after they were in bed, kneeling down by the side of her own couch, prayed audibly. There was no cold formality in her prayers. The veil of the innermost sanctuary seemed always lifted to her. Although she began with an effort, she soon forgot her fears, so deep a tide of acknowledging love was poured into her soul; and it was not until her head was on her pillow that she became sensible to the smothered laughter and whisperings of her two companions. But why did she not pray in secret? says one; we are commanded to pray in secret .-Why did not Daniel pray in secret? Think you the Lord commanded Daniel to pray in secret? No. Those who really pray in secret to Him who sees in secret, are the only ones who will not flinch from public prayer when God's honor requires it, though at the loss of reputation, life, or friends dearer than life.

I cannot describe the divine refreshment of Catherine's repose, after this duty. The prophet had known something like it when he said, "Then I awoke, and behold my sleep was sweet upon me;" and the psalmist—"So he giveth his beloved sleep."—Even in awaking, it seemed as if the very dews of Paradise had fallen upon her slumbering eyelids.

"Did you know," said Ann Gifford, laughing, and addressing Mrs. Hargrave, as she dusted the parlor furniture, "did you know, Ma'am, that we have a saint in the house?" "How," said Mrs. Hargrave, "a saint?" "Yes, Ma'am; this Catherine, that come the other day." "What, Catherine!" said Mrs. Hargrave, "she looks too artless to be one of these saints."—
"She is one, for all," said Ann, "and I believe a bigger one than Maria, whom you used to call Miss Teach'em." "Oh! I hope not," exclaimed Mrs. Hargrave; "I don't

want any whining hypocrites here; but what proof have you that Kate is Saint "Why, Ma'am, the first Catherine?" thing I knew, after Jane and I were in bed, Catherine pops down on her knees, rolls up her eyes, and goes to praying and blubbering, and blubbering and praying, and all the while we were shaking ourselves, laughing to hear her go on. For she seemed to forget us, and to make a real business of it, as if she were in a Methodist camp." "I wonder I did not hear her," said Mrs. Hargrave. "Oh! she didn't speak very loud, only very clear and earnest." "If I had not, according to my usual custom, engaged her for a month on trial, she should leave my service to-day," said Mrs. Hargrave; "any thing but a saint!" But I shall have a serious conversation with her. and she shall leave when her time is up.-Go and send Catherine to me," Catherine obeyed her summons, and stood in the presence of the offended mistress.

"Do tell me, Catherine," said she, "if you are one of these whining, praying saints? My girls say you made a great praying exhibition last night. Is it so?"-"I prayed last night," said Catherine, "as I always do before retiring to rest." "Well, I must request you to desist from such mummeries in future, or, at the end of your trial month, you must set up your conventicle elsewhere. I suppose," added Mrs. Hargrave, "in other families you have been accustomed to dupe them into respect and confidence, by such tricks, but here it will not do. Neither my husband nor myself have any respect for the prevailing superstitions of the day. We always prefer the world's people, as they are called, for domestics. Never had but two or three saint servants in all my domestic experience; and they, both male and female, the greatest cheats and worst help we ever had .--There was Maria Ford-Miss Teach'emas we used to call her, who sat herself up

here for a religious reformer; prayed all over the house, and lied as fast as she prayed, and pilfered even faster than she lied. The lazy, lantern jawed thing, perched herself up into right Pharisee form, and had the assurance to ask me if I had not better repent. Nothing stopped her; she held forth to Master and Mistress, cook and coachman, waiting maid and nurse, dropping her goodly sentences about, all day. Very steady at meeting; Oh! she must go to meeting, come what would, and, at the end, Saint Maria decamped with my silver cream-pot and ladle, the most ancient piece of plate I possessed. Then there was a coachman we had some years ago, the laziest of all flesh, and the greatest gormandizer, but had a great gospel gift. He was a member of a church, and I am told, that after he left here, being too lazy to work, he turned Evangelist and went lumbering off to the west. Then there was another, a Methodist exhorter, and the most consummate knave of the whole, for he made love to Ann Gifford, and when she refused, tried to impeach her honesty. Now I am very particular to avoid saints, and I believe all my servants are good honest infidels.— I suppose their going to the theatres will shock you, but I think they learn better principles of life there than at church; that I do?

Catherine was much grieved and hurt by this violent harangue, and looking at the excited and angry countenance of the speaker, she could hardly recognize the light and brilliant Mrs. Hargrave. So true was the remark, once made by an infidel of great taste, that he always wanted his wife and daughters to be religious, for he thought it made women more lovely, and without it they seemed to lack the true feminine nature. Catherine would have left the place instantly, but for the contract between her and Mrs. Hargrave. She requested to be released, but this Mrs. Har

grave declined, for she was very particular as to any innovation in her regular household arrangements. I would, however, advise a servant to leave under such circumstances, at all events, lest they should risk the health of their own souls by inhaling the deadly atmosphere of doubt. But Catherine thought it her duty to remain, praying the Lord to strengthen and support her.

She returned to her usual labors, inwardly looking upward, and, in a little time, all clouds vanished from her mind and she went into the kitchen, at dinner time, as serene as if in the highest favor. But servants will follow the lead of their mistress. "Shall we not have grace," said the coachman, a saucy rowdy, and a candidate for the affections of Mrs. Gifford, "I don't like to eat my dinner," added he, smoothing down his face, "without having grace said;" and then, with consummate impudence, turning to Catherine, added, "will you ask a blessing, Miss Singlair?" Cath-

erine made no other reply than to remain a few moments-apparently in silent thanksgiving, and then partake of the food before her. But she was the jest of the table; many were their rude flings. Jane wanted to know when they would have another sermon. Ann hoped she should know when the next prayer was coming off so that she need not stay too long at the ball, and miss the sport she had the night before. The cook, more spitefully, "never knew any good come of these praying folks, yet; could'nt bear the very looks of them." "No offence to you, Miss Sinclair," said the coachman, we don't mean your prayer, of course, we all know that was first rate." As they were talking, Thomas, the Irish gardener, came in. "Ah," said he, "ye don't behave dacent, ye black protestants. Most of ye niver think ye can throw away time enough to pray, and when one of yees does, ye pick her like a crow."

Every night the servants were more or

less at the theatres, balls, or dencing parties, and Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were also very gay, so that Catherine, after that night, was rarely molested in these devotions which she had a Daniel like determination never to discontinue.

Sabbath morning came, and after work was done, Catherine asked Mrs. Hargrave if she might attend church. "No," said Mrs. Hargrave, "you can only go out every other Sunday, and then only in the afternoon. Sunday is, with us, the busiest day in the week; we give our greatest dinner then. You can make no exceptions to that," added she, " for, no doubt, your own parson keeps his servant at home to cook for him, to day, while he preaches the gospel to the poor. We are more reasonable than some meeting goers; for, after dinner, all, except the cook and chamber maid, who stay in course, are at liberty for the rest of holy time."

Catherine found her employment, Sab-

bath forenoon, was in the nursery, as the nurse usually took her young charge, the infant, to her own home, some miles in the country. Catherine was particularly ordered to use no cant before the children .-The total absence of any religious influence was very visible in these two children-Edward and Helen Hargrave. Catherine felt badly, when looking at these beautiful children, to think that their glowing lips had never breathed a word of thanksgiving; that their bright eyes had never looked upward in gratitude to their heavenly Father. She longed to tell them who was the special lover of little children, but she knew their parents would not suffer them to come unto Him. teased Catherine to walk out with them, and she consented. The Spring was opening, and the day one of those balmy days when Heaven seems to draw near to earth: an April messenger which comes to show how closely summer is at hand. Catherine was directed to take the children to their grandfather's, who was unwell, and to let them carry some fruit and jellies with them. She had never seen this aged relative of theirs. They reached a pleasant cottage in the suburbs. There, by the window, in his arm chair, sat the white haired old man, now fast declining to the tomb .-The children brought him their little presents. He faintly smiled, and blessed them. They ran off to play in the garden. Catherine was left alone with the old man, the dying infidel; now or never was her opportunity. She leaned forward towards him and asked him if he loved singing .--"Yes, I like songs." "Ah!" said Catherine, almost all I know are hymns." sing a hymn then; it is good in you to want to entertain an old man." Catherine sang in a sweet, plaintive voice, "Jesus, lover of my soul." "Sing it again," said the old man, you have a sweet voice." "The words are sweet," said she. She sang a-

gain, and the old man wept. "Are you a believer?" said he, mournfully. "I would give worlds to believe, but I cannot. I have been, all my life, building around me a stone wall of infidelity, and now not a ray can penetrate the solid mass of doubt, to cheer my soul. I have been long, secretly persuaded, that religion gives its possessor real happiness, while it lasts, even if delusive, in the end." "Oh!" said Catherine, greatly moved, "be persuaded that it is no delusion. I know it is not, and if you will be earnest with God, he will hear you for the sake of our Redeemer." She talked with him till the children returned. He thanked her, and told her not to mention their conversation. She saw him no more: the fate of the old man will be known in the other world alone, but Catherine did her duty, and the wings of the Comforter were folded over her soul. Catherine returned home, too serene to be ruffled that day by coarse jests. Her good nature soon

overcame, in a measure, the ill will of the other domestics, until a new incident awakened Ann's feelings of envy towards the unsuspecting Catherine. Mr. Hargrave had a relative, an artist of high talent, who was a Catholic, and who, whenever he came to the city, stopped there .-He was of a free, familiar temper, and would often go into the kitchen and jest and laugh with the girls. Ann Gifford was a particular favorite. He had made her sit for a shepherdess in one of his pictures, and flattered her so much that she sometimes hoped he might, one day, submit his pride to her beauty and offer her his hand. Catherine, when he came, kept out of his way, but he had some chance sights at her, and, one day, when Ann was in the room, observed to Mrs. Hargrave, that her chambermaid had the finest face for a Madonna he had ever seen, and he wished she would sit to him for one. "That she will never do," said Mrs. Hargrave,

"and I rather think it is one of the great sins of her calendar ever to speak to one of the other sex." "Then I must steal a likeness," said he ; "cannot you employ her in some way, while I get the likeness?" This was enough to conjure up the demon in Ann's heart, for, though engaged to another lover, she was, in heart, only faithful to her own criminal vanity. She went out plotting revenge. She went up to Mrs. Hargrave's chamber; a valuable diamond pin was on the toilette; she took it up and ran with it to Catherine's room .-Catherine had gone of an errand to a milliner's, where she was detained sometime. She tried Catherine's trunk, but it was locked, so she deposited the pin in the bosom folds of Catherine's best dress, as it hung in the press, and hurried down stairs, not knowing that Catherine was out .--Soon after Ann left the parlor, Mrs. Hargrave went up to her own room to dress. She at once missed the diamond pin from

the place where she left it. So, after searching a while herself, in vain, she rang the bell. "Has not Catharine returned?" she inquired. "I did not know she was out, but have seen nothing of her. I have lost my diamond pin." "Your pin?" said Ann, who did not want the discovery made so soon; "I am very sorry, but I see Catherine coming, perhaps she has put it away for vou." But when Catherine came in she knew nothing about the lost pin. The request of the artist now occurred to Mrs. Hargrave as she looked at Catherine. "Go up," said she, "Catherine, and put on your best dress; I want you to come down and sew with me this forenoon." erine was surprised at this order, but went to her room and instantly returned, bringing the dress and the pin in her hand .-" Here, Mrs. Hargrave," said she, " is your pin. I found it in the folds of my dress, but believe me, I did not put it there."-" "Why! who could put it there but you,"

said Mrs. Hargrave, whose suspicions followed her prejudices; "this comes of your hypocritical cant. Go out of my house, and thank your stars I am not one of your orthodox saints, for, if I had been, I should put you in jail." Catherine attempted to speak, but Ann pushed her rudely out of the room, and so much was Mrs. Hargrave chagrined, that she did not chide this officious interference. Catherine took her bundle and went to her lodgings; her happiness in being free from the family was at first alloyed by the disgraceful circumstances of her unjust dismissal; but, soon, that "sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever," returned to her soul. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hargrave dressed and descended to the drawing room. Here she recounted to the artist the late incident. "This girl," said she, " was the most plausible of all hypocrites I have been duped by." "But," said the artist, "have you examined the matter carefully? She looks like a fair.

honest girl. How do you know but what some of the other servants have been playing her a trick?—as she does not appear to be a favorite with them." "Oh," said Mrs. Hargraye, very impatiently, "do not vex me by defending her"; but, suddenly recollecting herself, "I just now remember," said she, "that I took that pin out of my jewel case after I had sent Catherine to the milliner's. Indeed! I was too hasty; she has gone now, and I have no clue to her,-not knowing where she boards when out of place." Mrs. Hargrave had generous feelings, and there was now a very strong reaction in favor of Catherine. She immediately suspected Ann Gifford as the author of this trick, sent for her, and, after close examination, Ann confessed her guilt; alleging that it was only done in But Mrs. Hargrave immediately dismissed her,-though not without the highest commendations of Catherine. Ann was in great trouble; she had lived in the

family a great while, and could not brook the idea of leaving in disgrace. She had, accidentally, heard where Catharine boarded, and went at once to her. She was not mistaken in her estimate of Catherine's kind, forgiving spirit. She confessed her fault with tears, and besought her to go back and intercede with Mrs. Hargrave for her. "Oh! you are in high favor with her, now," said Ann, "and she will do almost any thing for you." With these words she prevailed on Catherine to return with her to Mrs. Hargrave. Catherine was received with great kindness and a very candid acknowledgment. She, at first, refused to take Ann back, and consented, finally, only on this condition; that Catherine should herself also return to her own place. Catherine hesitated: it was a great trial to her; but her benevolence prevailed, and she consented to serve a while longer. "You need not fear," said Mrs. Hargrave, as she hesitated, that "you will

be annoyed any more in regard to religion. The kind, generous, forgiving spirit you have shown, to day, and your general conduct, have made me think more favorably of christianity than I ever did before."

When Catherine retired to rest, after that eventful day, while she humbly thanked God for his mercies, instead of the laughter and mockery that once was there, convulsive sobs came from an overwhelmed and bursting heart, and soon, Ann Gifford left her bed, and, kneeling, all weeping, beside Catherine, joined her in supplication. Nor ceased they their joint prayers until peace and pardon visited the sorrowful soul of the penitent. Oh! what a happy morning dawned on the true new made friends! It was as if a light from the Heavenly Jerusalem flowed over the morning skies! The very songs of the birds seemed to echo the praise that rose from the hearts of these happy children of God. Ah! these secret communings of

the ransomed soul with its God, through nature, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

From that time, the power of infidelity was shaken, in this family, and what the most profound reasoning could not have done, the living beauty of a poor servant girl's life effected. Catherine was passing a very happy summer there, when she was called away to the sick bed of her sister Mary. She had a lingering illness, and when she had recovered, Catherine's place was supplied in Mr. Hargrave's household.

CHAPTER VII.

The Professing Mistress.

A lady, a member of the large church to which Catherine belonged, a very active and influential member—as the phrase is rich and respectable, stopped Catherine the

Sabbath after the recovery of her sister, and asked her to come and see her next day. Catherine called on Monday, and was very glad when the lady proposed to hire her, for she had always desired to get into a religious family. The bargain was quickly concluded and Catherine cstablished in her new place. The family at home, consisted of Mr. Thornville, his wife, their two grown up daughters, and one sonone of the sons having married and settled in Georgia. There are three sorts of professors of religion in our days. There is a sort who attend Sabbath meetings, send their children to Sabbath school, pay the minister, hand out something for the different calls of the church, in some cases have some (short as possible) family worship, and can, in no otherwise, be distinguished from the world in dress, manners and conversation. There is another class who apparently, (and in some cases,) really, are very devout. They take the lead in

all enterprises, missions, tract societies, newspapers, and all the vast machinery of the church, in the present day. They understand all her religious polity and policy. and, in carrying it out, are more or less restrained by the amount of religious con-'science they possess. Their influence, however, is injured by a sort of conventional phraseology consisting of the technicalities, not only peculiar to their own sect, and which, together with certain unmeaning formalities of manner, form a system of religious affectation-scarcely to be endured by a simple, honest mind. There is a third party, and these mostly among the poor; although there are a few, of higher stations, whose lips and lives without deceit, proclaim their hearts sincerethe reformatory part of the church, who are struggling for life with the corruptions that have crept within her pale. Among this last class are pastors as well as people, but they are usually accounted, by the

other classes, "troublers of Israel." and Mrs. Thornville were of the second class I have described-God was about preparing our Catherine for the third class, and her residence there was a part of her preparation. Prayers, here, were regular, morning and night, with reading of the scriptures, religious fairs, breakfasts and donation visits; mission plans were projected and talked of. Parlor meetings were also frequent there. There was always something in hand. Catherine was summoned daily to attend prayers, but she never was invited to participate in the parlor meetings, soirces, breakfasts or any other of their arrangements, except, indeed, the women's prayer meeting, where Catherine's artless and fervent piety came among all that frozen formality like a sunbright day in winter, loosening all the ice But Mrs. Thornville was around her. very strict and rigid with Catherine. She chid, severely, any thing like cheerfulness

in her, which, she said, did not belong to her work or profession. The minister came, soon after Catherine went there to live, to dine. Catherine waited on the table. He took no other notice of her than by a nod. In his conversation, at the table, he spoke much of the growth of their denomination with some sarcasms on others. Catherine reflected on all this, after dinner, when she was alone. The minister had, hitherto, been like a demi-god in her eyes, but she felt that all this was not right. A few mornings after, Mrs. Thornville called Catherine into her chamber .--"Catheriue," said she, "I have just received a letter from my daughter-in-law, in Georgia. They are coming here to visit me, in a few months, and she wishes me to send out some trusty, pious white person to be nurse to her children, who will return here with her. Then, after remaining here all summer, you can return with them in Autumn, if you like. Your wages

will be high, and it is a great chance Providence has thrown in your way, for my daughter-in-law is eminently pious, and so is my son, and you need very much such influence as theirs. Our minister, who has been in, thinks it would be of great advantage to you. You had better go. fit you out, handsomely, myself. Catherine, who knew liftle or nothing of the state of things at the South, and was pleased with the idea of travelling, consented to the offer. Her sister had now learned a trade and supported herself, and her brothers were both in good places, where they attended school half a day. The formality of the house had rather bound her free heart, and she cheerfully set about preparing for her journey. In a short time after. she embarked for Savannah, where she arrived in safety.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Slaveholding Mistress.

Alonzo Thornville, brought up in the strictest sect of our religion, in the very bosom of church influence, indulged a hope when quite young. He was educated for the ministry, and, as his parents had many powerful friends among the religious of their persuasion at the South, he soon received a call thither. Alonzo had a cool, calculating mind, showy talents, and, when he left the North, much of that formality which passes current for sanctity with so But religious appearances were not so formal at the South as at the North. They appeal, as a general thing, more to the passions than the understanding, and the general licentiousness in which all are. in some way, partakers, renders it impossible for the greatest adept among them to

hold fast to his outward form of godliness. Alonzo soon wallowed down into the Southern style of priestlings, and by dint of the most unbounded sycophancy, and by licking the very spittle of the slave tyrants around him, soon was lauded and caressed as their dear pastor. The slaveholders are in such a strait from the hell of their own consciences, that they will worship any hypocritical priest who will give them an opiate. Alonzo Thornville did his best, by sweet deceitful words, to lull them asleep. They lavished their golden favors in return, raised his salary, and one of the richest slaveholders in the church gave him his only daughter and sole heiress in marriage.

The cruelty which slavery had nourished in the bosom of Adelia Norton was veiled by a languid delicacy of person and manner. She had joined the church in a season of excitement. I will not call such ephemeral work a revival of religion. Mrs.

Thornville was secretly delighted with the success of her son, and in the fullness of the complacency she felt towards him, could not help observing to a friend, "how rapidly Alonzo had grown in piety the past year." Happy man, in whom the extension of purse and piety were so remarkably coincident.

The couple were on their plantation when Catherine arrived. Horror struck, chilled to the soul at what only a few hours stay in Savannah had revealed, she would have taken passage for New England directly, had her slender purse afforded the means. They had sent their overseer's son for her, and he, from ostentation of his employer's wealth, had shown her some gangs of negroes at work under the lash of the driver. "They will have to take it to-night, some of them," said he, "they have larger tasks now than usual, and we have our hands full, flogging them." Catherine's soul sickened within her, but she had been

told, on ship board, that it would not do for her to say a word here. She clasped her hands in prayer, in the most excruciating agony she had ever known. Soon a stately mansion appeared, the abode of the softest luxury and wealth. To Catherine's eyes, no prison could look so hateful or so gloomy; a veil, in that moment, fell from her. She saw a slaveholding church, North and South, as God sees it who died for man. As they drew near the house, the sounds of sweet music were heard .--To the soul of Catherine those dulcet tones were as the shricks of the poor slave under the torturing lash. Her conductor, entering, introduced her into a room where she was to await Mrs. Alonzo Thornville's appearance. A young Southern beauty, her waist encircled by the arm of her husband, soon languished i to the room. She had just risen from her piano, where he had hung enamoured over her who had made him the master of all this beauty,

wealth and luxury. But Catherine saw not her beauty, nor their bliss. A dreadful picture swam before her eyes. felt faint and sick, and, in silence, delivered her Northern letter: the pair sat down on a sofa and read their letter. They then . spoke very kindly to her, and soon she was shown her rooms and the nursery. Here was every thing a wealthy mother's love could collect around the darling of her heart-a babe some nine months old. Jessica, a pleasant maternal looking slave was nursing the child at her bosom, for southern ladies are often too delicate for this act. of maternity. "You will soon, be at home here," said Mrs. Thornville. "You will have no labor; Jessica will take all burthen from you here; besides that, there are two slaves whose business is to wait on If they are ever disobedient, Mr. Thornville will deliver them, at once, to the overseer for punishment. You will ride out, every day, with us, and go with us,

to the city to attend our church, of which, Mother Thornville tells me, you are a member, but in much need of pious influence. Alonzo is much blessed; we have a precious work going on; our anxious seat is full." Yes, thought Catherine, you have a precious work going on here, indeed .-She was thankful when the young tyrant left the room, and she was left alone with the pleasant looking slave, and the little smiling, unconscious baby. At a certain hour in the evening, the household were called to prayers. Catherine attended, sick and shuddering. The hypocrite kneeled on a velvet cushion, by the side of his young wife; all the household slaves were present. His prayer was elegant in diction but brief and cold. How did Catherine pray? How could she pray but to an avenging God? Alas! the field slaves were even then at labor! Catherine passed a sleepless night; she was thinking how

she could receive the communion from the tyrant priest, and mentally resolved that. come what would, she would never submit to such desecration by partaking from his hands. She fell asleep, towards morning, and was awakened by the cry of hounds at a distance. She asked Jessica, who slept near her, what it meant? "Oh," said she "the overseer has let out the hounds; they are to hunt down some slaves who have escaped lately." "I won't stay here," cried Catherine, springing from her bed with irresistible emotion. "Poor, young. lady," said Jessica, "can't help yourself; good way from home; take big purse to get back."

Catherine knelt down and tried to pray; but she could not pray; she could only groan. At length it occurred to her, I am here; God knows what good I may do to these poor creatures while I stay. The Lord help me. Catherine and Jessica were soon great friends. Jessica was very

sensible of her own wrongs and those of her people, and had long been seeking an opportunity to escape. The two slaves, a man and his wife, were also soon attached to Catherine. Catherine had heard, for the first time, on shipboard, how the slaves escaped by following the North star, and that luminary of freedom had been pointed out to her by the sailors. She did not fail to communicate this information to the three slaves. She knew it was dangerous, but she could not, if she died for it, withhold her confidence and sympathy from the poor slaves. But she was not betrayed. She began, at this time, privately, to teach the nursery servants to read. One of the household slaves roused the anger of her mistress by accidentally breaking a vase.* She was beaten with that infernal instrument of torture, the paddle, by order of her mistress. In the evening, she came privately to the nursery and showed Catherine her back, all broken to pieces. The weeping girl did her best to heal her, and inwardly prayed for the bared right arm of God's vengeance. Another time, for not running the moment her husband called, she ordered the woman to be taken to the overseer and receive a hundred lashes.*

One day, Catherine had to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Thornville to Savannah.—
They stopped all night, and Catherine was obliged to attend one of those series of meetings now in progression. The anxious seats, consisting, at that time, of all the upper seats of the splendid church, (which in the sight of God was a very Golgotha,) were crowded with candidates for admission to that Mother of Abominations—a slaveholding church. Alonzo Thornville was now a real Southern revival preacher, cold as he was in home worship. Such scenes as were before him excited his passions and his vanity, and as he had

great tact and large language, his lecture came off with great effect. But the bay of the hounds, he had so gaily urged on in the negro chase, was in Catherine's ear, and she tried to stop her ears at his inconceivable blasphemies, when he talked of the "melting mercies of a tender Savior.' But his other hearers surrendered themselves to the powerful illusion-deceiving and being deceived. I have never yet seen a slaveholder, nor an abettor of slavery, who could give me a satisfactory reason for the hope he said was in him. "How did you like our meeting?" said he to Catherine, as the family returned to the plantation. Catherine never replied. "I am afraid you are getting cold in religion," said he. "There is not much religion at the North, my dear," he added, turning to his wife. "Abolitionism, the curse alike of church and State, has got into the churches, and is killing all piety. My good parents always set their faces against it,

and every slaveholding minister, that came to the city, they made it a point to entertain, and it is to that hospitality of theirs, my love, I owe my being here and my angel wife. Our church increases rapidly, it will soon be the largest in the city." They were stopped, ere they reached the house, by the overseer, who announced "that he had had the dogs out, shot two slaves dead and wounded one." "The rescals," said Alonze, "give it handsomely to the slave you brought in to-night, my good fellow," and then turning to his wife; "that overseer of ours is really an honest fellow. He manages the estate finely. All he wants is religion, and that he will have, my dear, if,he is with you any time." soon have him tutor my waiting girl again," said Mrs. Thornville. "She is very careless." "My dear," said Alonzo, "you are too easy with her. Put her among the plantation slaves. Our overseer will soon cure her." Soon after, they alighted and went to prayers. But it was not all prayers and preaching. Mr. Thornville gave most splendid parties with a fittle pretension to be religious in them, for they were analagous to Northern religious soirces; but after all, Catherine thought they were more in character than the prayer meetings.

An incident now took place which hastened Catherine's departure. Her mistress, coming suddenly into the nursery, discovered Catherine teaching Jessica to read. She was much enraged, threatened Catherine with imprisonment, and told Jessica that, but for distressing her and disturbing her milk, she should be severely punished.

During Catherine's stay with this family, she and Jessica attended Mr. and Mrs. Thornville on a visit to a cousin of Mrs. Thornville, who had been brought up in her tather's family. George Rutledge was the nephew and ward of Mr. Norton, being left:

an orphan at an early age. He had been married several years to the beautiful and accomplished Emily Livingston. This lady had received her education in England, her father having large possessions both in the old and new world. Here was displayed almost princely magnificence, and the lavish, selfish hospitality of a Southern Dives. George Rutledge was a fair specimen of a high bred Southern gentleman, employing, on his plantation, those overseers only who could extort the most work from the negroes, in order to supply his unrestrained expense. His passions were violent, and indulged at cost. Though his thoughtless, reckless selfishness, rendered him in fact, the greatest of tyrants, yet, his manners to his equals gave no such impression. His lady was considered a far less agreeable personage than himself. She was very retiring, and subject to-what her husband called-the blues. Catherine, who was very observing, was not long in the house before she perceived the unhappiness of its youthful mistress, and as she was sitting in her chamber, one day, with her young charge, Mrs. Rutledge came in, threw herself on the bed and wept violently. "Oh," said she, "am I always to live thus?" and, turning to Catherine, said, "you are a Northern woman, can I put confidence in you? I cannot sustain it, if l may speak to no one of my feelings."-"Dear Madam," said Catherine, "I am a poor girl, but if you have any thing you want to tell me; that I ought to listen to, tell me, be not afraid to trust me, only do not tell me anything I ought not to hear, or we shall both be sorry afterwards."-"I must tell you," said the lady, rising and flinging herself into a chair; "I am the most unhappy woman in the world," said she, weeping anew; "God has given me a heart that feels the woes of others, and, oh! how I suffer here? you have lived at the North; I was there last summer with my

hushand. There was an abolition lecture given there, but, oh! I could not bear to hear one of those lectures: I know that the worst they say" is true, and the half is not told. The secrets of this great Southern prison house will never be told until the day of judgment." She said this with much emotion and many tears. 'Here,' said she, "in this house of luxury for one, is a nine knotted scourge which is daily used upon two unfortunate little girls, who, even now, are writhing under the hand of the overseert." Catherine could and did freely mingle her tears with those of Mrs. Rutledge, and heard, with great interest, her history. She was taken, very young, to England, and there, of course, knew nothing of the workings of slavery. Her father, an arbitrary and haughty man, had concluded a match for her with Rutledge before her return, and she only returned to have her splendid nuptials celebrated. But now

*Fact. †Fact.

she was watched. Her compulsory marriage she seemed to consider as an inconsiderable evil, compared to the daily sufferings she endured. She plead with her husband, but in vain; he only laughed, at first, at her fine feelings, as he called them, and told her she would never make a poor planter's wife till she could handle a whip herself. But when he encountered from her a determined opposition to his cruelty, it soon became his delight to torment her. There was one thing over which he had as yet, thrown a veil, and that was his infidelities-his plantation serving their luxurious lord as a complete haram. Of this the unhappy wife as yet knew nothing, and her only solace was her two dear children. Yet, even this was mingled with anguish, when she considered under what influence they were being educated. "1 cannot," said she, to Catherine,"support the thought that my sons will be slaveholders. I mean to sow in them the seeds of true liberty."

Outwardly, there was much civility between her and Mrs. Thornville, but, in reality. Mrs Rutledge could have no sympathy with her heartless cousin. Brilliant entertainments Mrs. Rutledge was compelled to give, while her guests were there; but her heart was failing within her, and it was a sad sight to see her attired for a ball or party, with her richly jewelled dress and beautiful person, to know what hopeless grief was hidden there. "Ah!" said she, to Catherine, "to me blood is in their sparkling wine, moans in the music, and, while we are lolling on velvet couches of down, amidst all that is soft and entrancing, I am thinking of the poor runaway slave who has toiled all day with his weighty three pronged collar on his neck, and his heavy fetters on his heels; who is even now enduring his evening's flogging, because, under that cruel weight, he could not keep up to the toils of his companions. And Catherine," said she, "there

are women, aye, and men too, in the South, a minority indeed, whose lips are sealed by the same ruthless power which holds down the slave; but there are also those whose voices will yet be heard. This is truth," and the day Catharine left with Mrs. Thornville, she handed her the following lines.

I may not speak, my heart will break, When my poor toiling slaves I see, And think they labor for my sake, And bear the cruel lash for me.

When I would pluck some fragrant flowers, I turn away in pensive mood, For every rose-bud inmy bower, Is nurtured by the negro's blood.

When I would on my children smile, To see them in some fair array, For this, I think and weep the while, Some negro babe was sold away.

When costly robes my husband brings, And bids me wear them for his sake, I think, for these poor glittering things, How many suffering hearts must ache! The sweet, the glowing summer dawn.
Alas! my heart grows dark to see,
Because 'tis then I hear the horn
Call my poor slaves to toil for me.

The evening hour so still and meek. Alas! to me it brings but fear; Its balmy breezes bears the shriek Of anguish to my startled ear.

Oh! to thy God their sorrows bear, And warmly let thy suit be prest; And if his mercy answers prayer, In blessing them I shall be blest.

In one of their trips to Savannah, Catherine encountered an old acquaintance. It was Peter, who had left the service of the Arlingtons. He was now a married man, and mate of a vessel lying in the harbor. He told Catherine her advice had gone so deep, that he never ceased praying, till God, for Christ's sake, forgave his sins.—Catherine told him her wish to get back to New England. He told her the captain of their vessel was secretly an abolitionist. "He has helped many a slave off," said he.

Soon after, Catherine was introduced to the captain, a godly man, of about fifty years of age, and a warm friend to slaves. He was a Quaker, and was bound to one of our great se -ports in New England .-Catherine an the captain concocted their plans; they ere very simple but wise .--It was a go at baptizing Sabbath, and Catherine at Jessica were in Savannah. In the evening, while the choir within the church were accompanying the organ, and the crowd was dense, Catherine stepped out and ran to the hotel. She flew up stairs; Jessica stood all ready, gave the babe one last kiss, and descended the stairs. They passed the streets in silence, their hearts beating almost audibly, till Catherine turned into an obscure alley where a coach stood waiting, on which two slaves were fastening baggage. Catherine could scarcely suppress a cry of joy; but she did so, and silently ascended the coach with Jessica. Within, sat the captain, who

hade the coachman drive on. The two slaves got up behind, and away they drove. Ere Master Alonzo had finished his evening oration, Catherine and three of his slaves were sailing out of the harber with a gallant breeze to bear them on. Catherine was supposed, by the sailors, to be a slaveholding lady going to the North. Captain had seen Catherine at church, and told her he should sail that night. Peter hired a coach, which he drove himself .-The captain himself, went over in disguise for Catherine's baggage, and by some swaggering, and a note from Catherine, induced the old housekeeper, an aged aunt of Mrs. Thornville, to let him have her clothes. The two nursery attendants were sent to take the baggage to the boat, and, as it was Sunday, and a clear coast, they resolved to brave danger and join the absconding party. What a severe reverse was Alonzo destined to, after his day of triumph. On reaching the hotel, he and

his wife entering their chamber, found their babe asleep alone. "What does this mean?" exclaimed Alonzo; "but, ah, here is a note." The note, which he read aloud, trembling with rage, ran thus:

When you read these lines I shall be where I shall not suffer any more in beholding your tyranny. Repent, or an awful doom awaits you, for what a man soweth ever, that shall he also reap.

CATHERINE.

For a moment, a feeling somewhat resembling a pang of conscience smote across Alonzo's heart. It was but a moment: a whirl of fierce passion succeeded. But what could be done? The child had awakened, and was crying for Jessica. "The barbarian," said Mrs. Thornville, "to leave the child." She had never taken care of it. "For Heaven's sake, Alonzo, let us get a nurse first to quiet the child. They cannot be far off, we shall recover Jessica, and, oh, how I will torture her for leaving the child." Alonzo rang the bell—"Call

the master of the house," said he, to the servant. The landlord appeared. An escort was provided to take the crying child and its unnatural mother, (who ought to have had the power to quiet those cries,) to the plantation. Alonzo, meanwhile, alarmed the city. He was very popular, and it was a shocking thing, and he was greatly pitied, that, while he was doing so much good, that graceless New England girl should have trooped off with his slaves. "Have seen her at meeting," said one of the gossips; "never liked the looks of I have seen her, and noticed, once or twice, when dear Mr. Thornville would he quoting scripture in favor of slavery, how she would turn away her head, and her eye would flash and her lip curl. could see how she hated his doctrine, and I wish I had told him of it." So spake Gossiperv. Meanwhile, Alonzo's search was in vain-so excellent had been the precautions, so great the blessing of God

upon them. He returned to the plantation heavy with wrath, and, meeting his wife at the door, she told him of the escape of the other two slaves. This produced a new tempest of rage. The old aunt was closely questioned, but, as the captain had disguised himself with false whiskers and hair, and was not in a seaman's dress, but that of a city porter, he could not be identified. While these things were transpiring, the good ship, Good Intent, was fast bearing our heroine to New England. On ship-board, she found a very interesting companion in the wife of a young mechanic, who had been working out South, and was returning home fully abolitionized by his Southern experience; and the reason they are not all so who go thither, is, because they have not got a heart buttoned up in their vests, but a callous, or, in scripture language, a stone, a petrifaction. Mrs. Charlotte Gray, the mechanic's wife, was, as one may say, a fine little woman.

Catherine gave her a detail of her own adventures, and Charlotte Gray, who had also been a domestic, related hers. As it introduces an entirely new character into my history, I will let her tell her own story.

The Good Mistress.

"A perfect woman nobly planned To warn, to comfort, and command, And yet a spirit still and bright, With something of an angel light."

"The first thing I can remember, in my own existence, is playing about a dirty cellar-room in one of the obscure, filthy alleys of New York. I remember nothing of either father or mother. An old woman, who told me she was my grandmother, took what care of me I had taken. She got our bread by telling fortunes, and was thought by the neighbors, to have dealings with the devil. She certainly seemed inclined to work wickedness of all sorts.—She was very intemperate, used the most profane and indecent language, and daily exercised upon some one her cruel temper. As soon as I knew anything, I remember often hearing her say that, as soon as I was big enough, she meant to make me get my living and hers by prostitution I and, therefore, gloried in that share of beauty it had pleased my Creator to give me.

Among other things, my grandmother was a receiver of stolen goods, and a harborer of thieves, harlots and low gamblers. I lived in this sink of vice some years, and had become a proficient in all evil, so far as my age would parmit;—stealing, lying, low language, swearing and fighting were practiced by me. I was a botd, bad girl, and daily growing worse, when Heaven took pity on me and sent a

human angel to my aid. Bad as I was, one human affection was left me, and that was regard to my grandmother, vile as she was. She had fallen ill, and I thought 1 would go out and beg, or steal, just as it happened, something for her. It was cold weather, and I was creeping along the streets with my blue pinched feet, and shrinking up into my tattered cloak, when some one laid her hand upon me and said; 'Whither is thee going, my child?' I peeped up from the cloak, which was drawn up over my head, and never shall I forget the sweet beaming face that smiled upon me. Yet, somehow, I seemed to feel, for the first time, a sense of my own wickedness .--'Ma'am,' said I, 'please to give me a few cents for my sick grandmother?' 'It is a very cold day,' said the woman, 'and thou art thinly clad; how far off does thy grandmother live?' I pointed to the alley I had just emerged from, but did not dream she would follow me. But she took

my hand and went with me to our squalid cellar home. It had never been cleaned up since the last drunken row; old broken junk bottles and mugs were lying about; slops and filth of all sorts were scattered around, and in a corner, on a dirty bed, blacker than the ground, lay my poor, wicked, and dving grandmother. The lady approached the bed and saw, what I did not know, that all was nearly over with the suffering sinner for this world, and that she was quite insensible. will take care of thee,' said she, ' when thy grandmother is dead; hast thou any. friends?' There was something about the eld lady that awed me into decency, and I mid, No, ma'am; nobody but uncle Dawson, and he is in prison for burglary. ' He is a wicked man, then, I fear,' said she .--'I can't help it, ma'am, I like him; he gives me and grandmother all the rum toddy we want. 'Will thee go and live with me?' said the lady, sighing as she spoke.

'No,' said I, 'I had rather live here with my grandmother. Big Dick comes here, and Tom, that has the cock fight, and lots more, and grandmother tells their fortune. A sob from the bed stopped me; I ran to my grandmother. She was dead. I had never seen death, and here it was indeed, grim and frightful. I was shocked and clung to my new friend. The lady saw that my grandmother was decently buried, and took me to her house. Elizabeth Moore was the name of the friend who had rescued me. She had a large family and a few domestics. I found that all of them had lived with her for years. They were all as one family, and all harmonious. If any thing occurred in the house to disturb the harmony, Elizabeth called them together, and bade them remain in rest and silence till their bad feelings should subside. If this was not effectual, she would take each party aside, and by persuasion and prayer, peace would return. It was a

hard task she had undertaken with me;—but she took the right way, and sought, as the first step, to bring my heart to Christ. With wonder and awe, I heard her tell of Jesus, and his redeeming love, and soon experienced for myself deep convincements of sin, followed by entire submission to God and that trust which brings pardon and peace. Here was the foundation;—and soon she that stole, stole no more, and swearing was laid aside for prayer.

Elizabeth Moore taught me all good ways in morals, and I was daily fed with light and knowledge. The minds of the household were lifted, by the influence of her and her husband, above sordid world-liness. But every household care was duly attended to in its own time and place; yet, all could see, that they did not esteem it the sole great business of an immortal mind, what shall I eat, what shall I drink and wherewithal shall I be clothed. The continual habit of entire order left the in-

mates of the family more time than others. and the cheerfulness they acquired in their penevolent pursuits gave them, I thought. more alacrity in their household business than those who live only for themselves. I lived with her till I was married, and had a letter from her just before I sailed; one of her domestics is recently dead; she says it will be hard to find one to fill her place. But, from what I have seen of you, Catherine, I think you are just the person to fill the place. She is much engaged for the slaves, and often speaks in their behalf." Catherine was charmed with this little narrative, and wished much to see the good mistress.

Stormy weather and adverse winds caused the captain to stop for some days in a certain seaport. While the vessel was lying here, the three slaves, not feeling safe under the auspices of the Anti-Slavery society, took the under-ground railway,

leaving the land shadowing with the wings of her far extending eagle, for Canada and the sway of Victoria. There was an antislavery lecture also given while they remained in that port, and Catherine, who had never been to an anti-slavery meeting, resolved to attend. She felt the more interest as the lecturer had, like herself, become an abolitionist at the South.

He had gone out there to preach, but what he saw had so affected him, that he began to preach to the slaveholders against that darling sin—which they roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues. He had, consequently, been obliged to leave his profitable place, there, and return home. His parents, who were Mammon worshippers, were so offended that they disowned him. He had been lecturing with great power in some of the cities, and now was to speak in the seaport where the Good Intent lay. It was a terrible pro-slavery, business place, and the spirit of the lecturer had been so

stirred within him to see their idolatry, that he came to meeting pretty well charged for the exhibition of the evening. Catherine and Charlotte entered the hall, escorted by Mr. Gray, while a full and very rich masculine voice was rolling off one of the glorious anti-slavery hymns. The crowd was so great, that they could not, at first, get near enough to see the lecturer, who was thus introducing himself to the audience; but they worked their way along so that, as he closed, they could get a full view of the speaker. He was in the flower of his youth. A free and lovely soul, which could dare and die for the right, spoke . from his face. There was, at times, something triumphant and exhilarating in the tones of his voice, like those of the trumpet which is said to have so maddened heroes for the battle. But, when he would reach the heart for the slave, his voice would melt away into such melancholy and sorrowful music, that often his audience

were drowned in tears. I am persuaded there is great spiritual magnetism in some voices; they are irresistible. But, when to this was added, as in our lecture " thoughts that breathe and words that burn," they are irresistible. Catherine thought so, and she had more than one cause for interest. The moment she got a fair view of the speaker, she knew him. Why did she not faint away, as is usual, at such discoveries? Why, because she was a girl of strong sense, and no nourisher of hopeless fancies. She spoke not of her discovery to her companion, tried to listen with composure, and soon succeeded in the trial. He delineated scenes at the South with a masterly hand and to the life, as Catherine well knew. But, at length, in the course of his lecture, he observed that he had heard that evening, on arriving at the Anti-Slavery office, that three slaves had lately escaped, through the agency of a young lady, who had modestly withheld her

name, and, from regard for the captain's safety, who had aided her, his name also; and, said he, although the young lady is called a servant girl, and I know nothing of her but this deed, if I were President of the United States, and could have the hand of the greatest lady in the land, I would prefer that noble woman .--Little did Edward think, when he spoke these words in the warmth of his heart, that the woman was in the house who did the deed, for, they had understood, at the office, that the vessel had been gone for some days. Charlotte Gray pinched poor Catherine's arm black and blue. Gray wanted very much to tell the young orator who was there, and between both, Catherine was covered with blushes: but she succeeded in keeping Gray still, and the lecturer went on; what might have taken place after meeting we cannot say. but in a few moments after this scene, one of the ship's officers came to their scats, and, whispering to Gray, said: "I and two others have been hunting all over the hall for you. The wind has come round fair, and the captain says we must be all on board, for he shall sail to-night." Catherine was glad to escape, without discovery, and returned to the vessel with a light heart.

When Catherine reached the city, where her sister and brothers lived, she felt like kissing the very ground of New England. So sweet it was to her to look around and see no slaves. She soon embraced her dear sister and brothers; the two latter had now grown fine boys. She passed a week with Mary, at the house where she boarded, improving all the leisure Mary had to sow in her young heart the seeds of sympathy for the millions who are perishing in this nation under the murderous grasp of slavery. Here she received a letter from Charlotte Gray, stating that Elizabeth Moore had

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filled the vacant place in her household for a limited time, and would herself write for her, when that time was expired. That same day, a lady called in a splendid carriage, and engaged her as waiting woman until she should be called to New York.

CHAPTER X.

The Pro-Slavery Mistress, and divided Fantily.

Catherine had a charming ride to the country seat of her new employer, on one of those divine days when all the earth seems folded in a deep embrace of love; a day, which, even in departing, threw back a long lingering smile, like some dear friend who, in the parting hour of life, seems to linger on the threshold of existence, hovering with unspeakable affection, over the leng cherished.

Surely, thought Catherine, as she approached the country seat, scenes like these ought to exert some influence over the hearts of those who dwell among them;—but, alas! how lately have I seen, as it were, Hell in the bosum of Heaven.

The beautiful mansion seemed lopped on a rich velvet-like lawn, and embraced by an abundant growth of fruit trees. Over its fair portals hung the heavy drapery of a large grape vine, and glowing clusters of ripe roses. The clear stream, near, threw up a liquid light on its pure white walls.—The bee murmured among the living roses with a rich, ceaseless hum; the waters chimed pleasantly among the little rocks; and the voice of the birds, "who sang among the branches," completed that heart lulling concert. No wonder that Catherine felt that nature here, all eloquent, should lead the soul to God and goodness.

Entering the ancient mansion, everything denoted the purest taste. Here was no gorgeous or unnecessary ornament. nothing inappropriate, but everything charmingly designed. And the owners of all this beauty, were a young and noble looking man, and a very beautiful lady who had the carriage of a queen. was an aristocrat of the highest class, and felt her elevation. Her husband, born in the same sphere, had a different appearance. Sensibility, nobleness, refinement and the great humility of a Heaven touched soul, were among his prominent qualities. But, without, there was a shade of deep sorrow on his face which did not seem naturally to belong there, but hung like an untimely, wintry-looking cloud on the brow of summer. Finally, there was something about these two, as they sat together in their fair saloon, which seemed to dissipate the felicitous impression made by the outward appearance of the mansion. And how was it? The wide doors of the saloon were thrown open to all the glories of the

departing day, as it spread its wide wings over the inimitable landscape; and there were they seated, beautiful among beauty; how was it that the heart sunk on beholding them? Ah! you saw division, alienation, coldness, in this youthful pair. The place was no longer Paradise; it had lost its best angel,—wedded Love!

The wife was a high conservative, one of the elite of the exclusive circle in which she moved. But, of late, she had attended the assemblies of fashion unaccompanied by her graceful spouse. Her husband no longer mingled with them .-Sometimes, indeed, when Mrs. Sydney gave parties at her own house, he mingled in them with his wonted grace and affability; but he had been called to a nobler life, of late, than fashion knows. When his own heart and mind began to expand to the genial influences of the Divine Spirit, he longed to communicate his feelings to the being he most loved; but here he found all cold and shut up, and no participation in his new existence. She seemed to loathe the life in which he lived, and hatred, manifested in haughty, cold opposition, took the place of love. The ladv had a very ample fortune in her own right, and the elegant mansion in which they lived was her own. Religion in her husband was life, everlasting life, working down through all the dead course of worldly events, and, like the waters of the prophet, wherever it came everything lived! His unaffected devotion and ardent philanthropy drew around him a circle of kindred spirits, who loved his goodness and wisdom. These, though often poor, unknown men, were welcome to his cordial hospitalities. His accomplished lady was also a centre of attraction to a distinguished circle, not only of the highest fashion, but those whose talents, given to the God of this world, opened for them a way to the "best society.' The different sphere in

which they now moved, often occasioned incongruous associations under awkward circumstances.

The next morning, while Catherine, in her new capacity of lady's maid, was combing the dark luxuriant hair of Mrs. Sydney, the following conversation took place between her and her intimate friend and relative, Cornelia Vernon, who was then passing some weeks with her. Cornelia was, like herself, one of fortune's and fashion's favourites. She was a rich and beautiful young widow. "Oh!' said Mrs. Sydney, "if Alfred were only what he once was, what a charming party ours would be, next week; as it is, his brother Lovell must do the honors."

Cornelia. "" Does he never appear now in society, especially at his own house?"

Mrs. Sydney. "Yes, occasionally he appears, here, but he will not on that occasion, for to tell you the truth, I issued invitations in our joint names, and said

nothing to him about it at the time, and when I told him of my arrangements he was engaged to a convention at some distance." If Mrs. Sydney had confessed the truth, she did not now wish to see her husband in fashionable circles, although she would have been glad to have again had him there, the elegant and attractive man of fashion. She dreaded lest any thing should lead him to advert to the subject of anti-slavery. Anti-slavery, a term at that time no more to be mentioned, in certain circles, than the name of God or Jesus, and which are never heard in the localities of fashion;—the symbols of an existence to be forgotton as much as pos-"How strange," said Cornelia, "that, after being accustomed from birth to elevated society, the very purest in the country, he can endure his present associster and manner of life?"

Mrs. Sydney. "Oh! he says he never enjoyed true life until now, and as for his associates, he glories in them as the good and the true; with them, he says, is true wisdom, indigenous eloquence springing up from a strong virgin soil, and under a new sort of cultivation."

Cornelia. "The truth is, he is a fanatic, enamored of fanaticism; and, dear coz., I know no cure for it but to let it have its run, like any other fever."

Mrs. Sydnsy. "Any how, we shall have a brilliant party, certainly. Besides yourself, there will be that wonderful beauty, who has just appeared in society, the exquisite Mary Byron, the theme of every minstrel's art. The two Misses Woodville, called the Sirens of the West, whose musical talents are unsurpassed. Then there is our own Louise, called the Rose of New England, and that pretty little medley of affectation, wit, and witching beauty, Cara Wood."

Cornelia. "Enough, enough, for beauty bright, as Lieutenant Jones says; tell me

what extraordinary male luminaries will appear in your horizon?"

Mrs. Sydney. "We have a rare one, my dear, a travelling Baronet, who is very accomplished, and has been in the East; a foreign minister and his attache; the colonel and one or two fine looking young officers; a Mr. Walingham who has made his fortune in the East Indies, and returned home with ingots of gold. Also Mr. Villiers, a young man of promise, one of our most prominent Representatives in Congress; and that delightful John, the beau poet, as he is called; are not these varieties enough to enumerate, beside a host more? for our set is rich now in itself; it is a perfect galaxy."

Cornelia. "Charming prospect! I should think it might tempt our Alfred, the great, back again; how long is it since he fell into this singularity? I remember seeing you, soon after your marriage, at a fancy ball, when you were the observed of

all observers, considered as very models of beauty, hymeneal bliss, and all that!"

Mrs. Sydney. "Soon after our marriage! it must have been very soon, for, a very few months after we were married, he had a lingering sickness which seemed to leave him in a sad, serious frame of mind; he read the Bible almost continually, and used to be much in retirement .-I rallied him on his low spirits, collected gay company, and gave various entertainments to arouse and divert him: but nothing would do; he held on the gloomy tenor of his way, until, at last, one day, he came to me, and embracing me, said; 'my dear Laura, I have been suffering severely, but am now at peace! Shall I tell you my feelings?, He then went on in a detail perfectly strange and incomprehensible to me. I told him I did not understand his state of mind, but, as I considered our course of life perfectly innocent, I did not see the use of any eccentric deviation from

it. I told him I thought any ado about such matters, 'in bad taste. As we had both been confirmed, in conformity with our parent's wishes, when very young, I did not see the necessity of any publicity, and hoped he would attend me to all places of fashionable resort, for, I told him, in these days, a religious appearance instead of incuring odium, would increase his influence, provided he took right steps, and kept his standing in the great world of fashion."

Cornelia. "And what did he say, what could he say, to such rational reasoning!"

Mrs. Sydney. "Oh! he said he had hoped for entire sympathy from me, and was disappointed, and all that; but you have not heard the worst; the religious fever was nothing compared to what followed. A year age, a rustic, queer looking genius called here with some books and pamphlets under his arm. He had, indeed, a striking tear-the-world-up sort of look, strange expression in his eyes,—a glory

seen through thick darkness, hair worn after the fashion in which Milton represents Adam's, a flowing beard, and a sort of half Quaker dress. He requested to see Mr. Sydney; he was admitted to the study. and, very soon, my husband came out, and said, as it was near night fall, he had invited the stranger to pass the night here. I thought nothing of this, as he is constantly offering the hospitality of his house to some one. I went, the next day, on a visit to my father. The stranger spent a fortnight here, and at the end of the fortnight, Alfred went off with him to an Anti-Slavery Convention. There was an end of all conjugal sympathy with us. The stranger was one of these fanatical abolitionists, a very hydra of radicalism of all sorts. Anything else I could have borne, my dear friend, better than to have seen Alfred run mad after this low, wicked, unnatural excitement."

Cornelia. "How I pity you. I hope

you expostulated with him freely, for this extravagance."

Mrs. Sydney. "Yes; I told him he would lose caste entirely; that some of our most select and dear friends and connections were at the South: I told him that slavery was an affair that concerned the South alone; that the negro race were evidently designed for their condition, and I wished we had the same sort of servants here. That it was a rabid, vulgar excitement originating in a poor printer's shop. My husband, in return, asked me how I should like to have my little Alfred sold on the auction block, branded and whipped away by his owner? I told him that was quite a different thing; that they were an inferior race, and even if the tales of their hard usage were true, I presume their natures were so low that it was necessary to break them in, like mules and horses, and to chastise them when refractory."

Cornelia. "You spoke like one who

has some true Southern blood; what said he?"

Mrs. Sydney. "I never shall forget how he looked. 'If I had thought,' said he, 'that such a heart as you have shown, beat in your bosom, if you had possessed the loveliness of a seraph, and the wealth of the world, I would not have united my fate to yours."

Cernelia. "Pretty severe; but has he not softened since?"

Mrs. Sydney. "After a certain time, we talked together with less warmth, but equal firmness on both sides, and came to a stern agreement, that each should pursue their own course, without molestation to the other. As to our little Alfred, as he grows older, he must take his chance between us. Since then, he waits upon me occasionally, talks common matters, but never touches on the forbidden ground. He is punctillious in the observances of politeness to me, and attentive to all my wants, but no more."

Cornelia. "I wonder if he would suffer me to talk with him? My sister, you know, married at the South, and she says the slaves are very happy there." erine could bear no longer. She had finished dressing the beautiful hair and was at work on some trimming. '"Ladies," said she, " I suppose you think I have no right to speak, but I have been at the South and know the slaves are not happy."-" Heigho!" said Mrs. Sydney, "the plague is breaking out on all sides. You had better mind your sewing, Catherine,"-then in a lower tone, apart, to Cornelia, said, "she has lived with plebeians; will only stay here a short time."

Catherine was now known, from her own avowal, to be on the side of the slave. She was, therefore, on the unpopular side of the house, all the servants being on the side of the mistress and indulged by her. Catherine often had to speak for the right in the kitchen, and was often reminded of that

saying of the wise man, "the poor that oppresseth the poor is like a sweeping wind," &c. Many were the gross jests and ill-natured words with which she was assailed.

Then, in her attendance on Mrs. Sydney, she was more politely annoyed, for Mrs. Sydney admired the manner in which Catherine discharged her duties as waiting maid, and was very desirous to retain her in her service. She hoped by bribery, flattery and persuasion, to drive her from her principles, but she could not effect it, and told her confidante, Cornelia, that she had found, by experience, that where once the anti-slavery belief had taken root in a mind, you might as well attempt to shake the solid foundation of Heaven as to root it out. Catherine had facts to oppose to theory, and, once being permitted to speak, she was astonished to find her "mouth filled with arguments." Who has ever known the might of God in their own soul, like those whom some god-like cause

draws out? Her persecutions here for antislavery exceeded those she had endured at Mrs. Hargrave's, for religion. The cook herself, a portly colored woman, exceeded in pro-slavery; she didn't thank the white gentlemen and ladies for making things worse than they were at the South, much more to have these poor white folks meddling; they had better take care and see that they were not made slaves of, themselves. She was annoyed and beset on all hands, but her inward might grew with opposition.

"The halls, the halls of dazzling light."

The evening of the party came. The place seemed, for a time, a gay temple of pleasure. Everything was there that a delicate taste and fruitful imagination, stimulated by an active selfishness, could suggest, to gratify pride and voluptuousness. Youth, beauty, wit, enchanting song, and the graceful dance threw an

ethereal grace over what was really gross and earthly. In the midst of the revels, the mistress of the mansion reigned in unrivalled loveliness. She was in her element; the world, the fashionable world, where her heart and her treasure were, her conscience, her mind, was all formed by its rules. She dwelt in its illusions, and was herself one of its greatest illusions .-I have read of fair fairy scenes that, to the eye, appeared as some royal resplendent palace, the triumph of transcendant art, and yet was nought but glittering show, where all was, in reality, a desolate desert. For what is beauty but the phantom of an hour, where the true life is wanting? To an open vision, there is nothing so melancholy as one of these soulless revels .-There is an atmosphere there which oppresses the heart; it is the staghation of moral death.

Three figures now appeared on the broad

step of the porch, near the door of the hall; not the elated sons and daughters of fashion, vieing in the richness and elegance of their attire; no exquisite glass of fashion, no belle flinging back her flowing locks from her fair neck; so far different were these from those who thronged the hall,-"the halls of dazzling light." The eldest wore a broad brimmed hat, under which appeared a face clear and luminous, in whose light your very heart might rest, albeit there was an unwonted expression of anxiety there at the time. He was in a drab travelling coat which bore the marks of hasty and bad travelling. His India. rubbers, instead of displaying the wonted neatness of his order, were defiled with mud, and he breathed as one much fatigued. A slight and graceful mulatto youth stood trembling beside him, as if shrinking within himself from fear. He was clad in a long, loose frock coat, every way too large for him, the waist reaching

to the lower limbs, and the skirts trailling to his feet. An old slouched hat drawn down over his eyes, too eloquent for a chattel-those full gazelle like eyes so often occurring in the mixed race, their naturally wild and timorous expression, enchanced by the fear the youth was in, for he absolutely quaked with fear. A pair of short boots, covered with mud, completed his equipments. The third was a youth with that serene enthusiasm of expression, which arises from a clear head and feeling heart, united to undaunted moral courage. From a forehead like the morning, his dark hair parted and fell waving on his shoulders .--Around his light but muscular form, he wore a loose coat, somewhat worn, but worn in good service.

"Stop here," said the elder stranger, "stop here, and I will go in;" and, pushing aside Major Domos, servants and all, with the arm of a Hercules, the sturdy stranger strode into the very midst of the

opened saloon, into the very presence of Mrs. Sydney. "Where is thy husband?" said he, entirely regardless of all around him; "tell me, friend, this moment, I have urgent business." There was that about the questioner which overawed the haughty and incensed Mrs. Sydney, and she told him, though blushing with rage and confusion, where her husband was. The Quaker's countenance fell, and he left the room as unceremoniously as he had entered it. He joined the three in the porch, and withdrawing to the further extremity of it, they consulted together in a low tone. But the news of the three strangers reached the ears of Catherine, then waiting in the dressing room. In an instant, with the intuitive quickness of woman when her soul is wide awake to a subject, she saw through it all, and ran down stairs in a moment. She knew where the key of the stable was kept, took it, ran out, unlocked the door, unbarred an adjoining gate

which opened into the high road, and darted round the house, enveloped, so as not to be known, in a large shawl. She approached the group in the porch, put the key into the Quaker's hand and said to him "It is the key of the stable; the fleetest horse is nearest the door; take it, Mr. Sydney would lend it. There is a wagon and harness in the shed adjoining, take them through the gate I have opened into the road." She spoke, slipped a dollar into the hand of the young mulatto, and was gone in an instant. Her orders were obeyed, and in a few moments the hard hunted slave and her protectors, (for it was a female in disguise) were on their way to Canada. When they had gone far out into the country, the younger of the two men broke silence. "That voice that spoke to us to night from under that shawl, that voice I have heard before : I could tall it from all others, and yet years have passed away since I heard it."

"It was like the voice of an angel to me to-night," said the Quaker, "the most dulcet sound I ever heard. Bless her, for the very prettiest little horse thief I ever remember to have seen; but thy fancy is at work, I don't think thee has ever seen her before."

The young man did not reply, but drove on; but still the apparition in the shawl was before him that night, notwithstanding their perilous situation.

Meanwhile, Catherine slipped down, closed the gate, fastened the stable, replaced the key, and returned to her post without being discovered. For this she thanked God; but now, when her fervor of excitement was over, she began to tremble for her own temerity. But she grew calm on reflecting that she had not been missed from her station, that the loss of the horse and wagon would not be discovered until next morning, and then, the first step taken would be to apprise Mr. Sydney. She re-

solved to forestall the last measure, by writing to him herself before she slept, and giving him a sketch of the late events, especially what she had done, and her motives. Quieting herself with these thoughts she sat looking very demurely, when Louise Sydney, (Mr. Sydney's sister,) and Cornelia Vernon came into the dressing room, in a recess of the dance.

"Did you see that overgrown gotz," said Louise; "how he came stalking in. He made no more of us than if we had been so many white millers in the sun, and left his tracks all over the rich carpet." Cornelia said he would never have entered before that assembly, in that careless style, unless he had been perfectly crazy; his total disregard for all around him was proof of this, and if she had been Mrs. Sydney she would have had him forcibly removed, like any other insane man. Louise replied that she thought the stranger was one of Alfred's friends, and they were all deranged

more or less. She wished this wretched Abolition monomania had not come into their family at least. She was afraid it would be the death of poor Laura. you observe her to-night," said Cornelia, 44 first blushing to her temples, and then her very lips blanched into whiteness? I never pitied any one so before. I shall talk seriously with Alfred about this affair; it is shocking to have such a party as this intruded upon by these wandering, crazy old Quixotes." So they gossipped for a while, then, with a few mutual compliments to each other's appearance, they returned to the revel. Catherine heard not a word they had said. She had buried her head in her lap, and was thinking of the three strangers.

It was the Anti-slavery Pentecost, when all the disciples were of "one heart and one soul." They were holding one of those early, glorious, soul stirring conventions, the first they had convened in a certain city. I believe, seldom, since the day of the jubilant chant of angels-"good will to men," has a meeting been held, over which the descending Spirit more manifestly hovered, touching every speaker's lips with fire from the altar .-There are many, who yet remain a part of the great heart of the age, and some who are fallen asleep; yea, some who wear the crown of martyrdom in Heaven. One was there on whom the power so rested, that, while he spoke, the vast hall seemed filled with the glory of Jehovah. Oh! how his powerful soul dilated with the largeness of his love. With supernatural strength he laid the axe to the root of that giant evil that has put forth its thick branches all over the land. Fear not, ye good and true; that tree shall yet come down, thundering, crashing, split with hot thunderbolts, seamed and scarred with lightning, to the earth.

In the midst of free souls, and hearts awakened to the sound of this jubilee clarion, was Alfred Sydney, forgetting, in his devotion to truth, his own private sorrows. When, after his conversion, cold repulse or bitter scorn, made him feel that he was united, for life, to a woman without sympathy for him, only those who have felt such disappointments can understand his grief. Domestic Bliss is the Harbor of rest : but woe to those who strike on some quicksand which engulfs their hopes. But here, in doing good to his utmost ability, he found his consolation greater than his grief. Sweet joy thrilled the heart of God's own keeping. He received Catherine's letter on the second day of the Convention, and another at the same time from his wife. Catherine very simply set before him the apparent exigence of the case, confessing the extraordinary steps she had been driven to take, relying on his well known devotion to the slave. But, she ad-

ded, if he did not approve the step, she had a little sum saved from her wages, which should be cheerfully given to indemnify him. Alfred Sydney wrote immediately in reply that, although he did not know before that God had sent one of the slave's guardian angels to his dwelling, he rejoiced in the fact, and so far from disapproving what she had done, he admired her God inspired heroism, and was glad she so well understood his feelings towards the sacred cause; telling her, also, henceforth to regard him as a brother filled with the most sincere respect and interest towards her. The letter from his wife was as follows.

" My Dear Alfred :-

I am sorry to tell you that your favorite horse, Red Rover, was taken last night from the stable; also the little farm wagon. The thing is rendered more mysterious, by the stable door being found safely locked, as usual, and the key in its wonted place. I have (in my own view at least) a clue by

which to unravel this otherwise unaccountable affair. I think it a duty I owe to myself and you, to give you my clucidation of it, how uncharitable and prejudiced soever you may suppose me. I wish to do it, also, that I may in this connexion, speak of a circumstance which has covered me with mortification, yet, for which you, alone, are to blame. On the evening of our late party, when nearly all the guests were assembled, and I, forgetful of guests were assembled, and I, forgetful of many unpleasant circumstances, was quite happy, a very uncouth, unceremonious person, in a course quaker dress, forced himself into my presence and before my guests. In vain the servants sought to oppose him, he put them aside with a giant's power, and approached me. He came directly to me, where I stood full of vexation and shame, and asked for you; only think of this Alfred out vourself in my situaand shame, and asked for you; only think of this Alfred; put yourself in my situation, surrounded by the most polite and refined assembly, and so intruded upon by this gross person who, having learned all I had strength to tell him, strode out of the room, leaving his course foot prints behind him. Imagine how I felt; all eyes were upon me. Certainly, it could not fail to bring to every one's mind your wil-

ful loss of caste, and the vulgar associates with which you have identified yourself .--I should not have been able to rally all the evening if your brother Llonel had not come to my assistance. It is to you, Alfred, I owe all this distress; you, who once gave me nothing but pleasure. But I forget myself, and the main subject of my letter. The servants, at the time of this man's egress, were too much taken up with the arrival of new guests to observe him. But, when first observed, two others were with him, very ruffianly looking men like himself. The next morning we discovered the robbery, and it is my sincere belief that these men were the robbers. I do not see why these freebooting people, who think it no harm to steal a slave from his master to-day, should think it any harm to steal a horse from you tomorrow, so that you, certainly, have no right to complain. You have effectually prevented me from giving any more parties here, by leaving the way open to such in-sults. I shall, in future, entertain my friends at my father's house, whither I shall soon entirely betake myself, unless there is an alteration in our affairs. hope, however, that the recital of this insult to your wife and her guests, and the less criminal robbery of your property, may open your eyes and destroy your unfortunate monomania.

LAURA SYDNEY."

Alfred Sydney, thus replied:

" My dear wife :--

You need give yourself no anxiety about my loss. The horse and wagon are in the hands of an excellent man, and in far better service than mine. would I have you grieve for the unexpect-ed disturbance of your party. The conventional etiquette of ceremonious society ventional etiquette of ceremonious society is entirely unknown to the individual you usention, and he was too much absorbed in his great errand, to feel that he disconcerted you. But I will try to prevent all future evils of that kind by remaining at home when you give an entertainment, if you will have the kindness to acquaint me in time; and if you will, whenever it is possible, so arrange it as not to clash with any important engagement of my own. I think if you could understand my feelings towards you, you would have spared me some harsh expressions in your letter.

Yours as ever,
ALFRED SYDNEY."

The next day brought him still another letter; this was from the Farmer Friend.

" Friend Sydney:

Perhaps thou has already learned the loss of thy horse and wagon, and the urgent occasion for which it was borrowed at thy stable. We shall return thy way, and return thee what is thine, and, friend Stanley proposes to lecture a while in thy vicinity. The cause which has made a traveler of me is this: I am a farmer in Pennsylvania, and largely concerned in the emancipation of slaves. In going to the city with produce, I oft times went to a family where two brothers from the South had the charge of a slave between them. She waited upon the wife of the one, (the other brother had no wife.) One of these men was a cripple and ill-tempered; the other brother was a more powerful tyrant. The poor, wretched slave secretly applied to me for help. I was greatly moved, but could not extend it to her because I had heard she was an apprentice and not a slave. I was finally undeceived as to this idea, but I feared I had learned the truth too late, hearing that the family where she was, were to embark immediately for Louisiana, except the well brother, who was absent. Truly, friend, my spirit was thrown into a great anguish, but even while I prayed and groaned before the Eternal, a little colored girl, who was known to me, ran into the place where I abode and whispered to me: 'Fanny has run away; she is in such a house—naming the house of a colored friend—but the officers are after her.'

As soon as darkness prevailed-and it proved, providentially, a dark night-I went to the house where she was concealed, and here she told me how she had escaped .-Her well master being absent, she was left in charge of the cripple. The ladies being out, the old cripple became irritated and beat her with a very perverse cruelty about the head. To escape the violence of his hands, she ran out into the street without premeditating, and, no doubt, under an impulse from on high. She kept on running, bareheaded, until she came into the quarter of the city where these colored friends dwelt, and they concealed her. I had an old frock coat, and some old clothes which my nephew, who had lost his parents, and we had brought up with us. and who was then at a trade in the city.

had sent home to be repaired. I said to her, disguise thyself in this apparel and lie down flat upon the straw in the wagon. Edward Stanley, who thou knowest to be a vigorous youth, and valiant for righteousness, joined us as we departed-he being better acquainted with the country than we. He had been laboring in the regions roundabout, and we took courage at his presence. I will not here recount to thee the perils and trials of our journey, being hotly pursued by her master, but will pass on to the day that we stopped at thy place .-We had been compelled to leave our horse and wagon at the house of a friend, as it had been identified and advertised, and to pursue our journey, as we might. The day on which we stopped at thy place, we were traveling by the mail stage a little way through a thinly settled part of the country; we were somewhat apprehensive, but being greatly weary with foot traveling, agreed to ride for a season. We had not long rejoiced in our momentary ease, when one of those foolish women, who annoyed Job and Solomon, in former days, got into the stage. Her eye, swift unto mischief, descried our poor little colored friend. that nigger,' said she, " was not a boy. I

should think it was the same girl I heard a man speaking of at the tavern I came from, to meet the stage. He is one of your great Southern gentlemen. He says he will have her if he spills the last drop of his blood for it, and when he gits her, he will make her smart for it; and I hope he will. I hate niggers; and these vere abolitioners, I wish they were all burnt up.' I took alarm at this, and poor Fanny, the slave, seemed near fainting. I opened the stage door and alighted to stop the stage driver, but not before I thus addressed the woman. 'Thou, who art thyself, to outward view, of such an ill favor, (which is not, however, to thy reproach,) what has moved thee to rise up against the poor of the Lord: thy curses shall come home to thyself, and thy evil wishes blast nothing but thine own heart.' With these words I left the woman, and, having descended and caused the driver to stop, I paid him full fare for us, but told him I had decided on changing our route. My companions thereupon alighted, and we travelled on as well as we could. Through wet and miry places, across lots, through woods, and brakes, and marshes, we pursued our way. We did not draw near thy

place till long after night fall, and resolved to try thy love for the slave that night .--There seemed to be a merry making at thy house, but I would not stop to think of that when a human being's liberty was at Thy servants rudely sought to prevent my entrance to see thy good woman-an inhospitality I feel they did not learn from thee. I put them aside and addressed thy wife, who told me where thou wast. Seeing thou wast gone, and things seemed to be in opposition, I was gathering up my mind for a balt in the woods for the night, and was conferring with my companions on the steps relating thereto, when a young woman, wrapt in a shawl, came to us, gave me the key of the stable and liberty to take thy horse and wagon. That woman seemed to me, at this crisis, so much like an angel of the most High, that I should not have dared to disobey her .-There was a 'Lord hath need of him' authority about her. So we took thy horse, nothing questioning, and it was, as she said, a fleet beast. We are now just entering Canada.

Your friend,

EZRA WORTHINGTON."

To this letter Alfred Sydney returned a suitable answer, requesting his friends to call on their return from their northern expedition. But let us return to our Catherine; the very day she carried her letter to Mr. Sydney to the office, she received one from Elizabeth Moore, which san thus:

" Dear Friend :-

I told Charlotte Gray, some time since, I would write thee as soon as the place thou didst wish to occupy should be vacant. Although thou wilt have a different portion of household care from myself, yet thy position will be one which I hold to be equally honorable, in itself, and, if held by one like thyself, no ways diminishing thy right to equal companionship. Come, then, let us work together, and rest together. Let us labor together, not only at home but abroad; carrying the happiness of our own hearts and homes to others. Come to thy home and mine.

ELIZABETH MOORE."

Catherine read this letter and thanked God, for now she trusted she had found the long sought blessing, a good mistress.—Nor did she delay her departure. Mrs. Sydney left home the next day but one after her gala. She had always considered Catherine pre-engaged and did not even ask her whither she was going. Catherine had been only a butt among the servants, and had been unable to allay their spirit of persecution, so that she parted from them without regret.

Some weeks after, when Mr. and Mrs. Sydney were again in their own home, and in the saloen where we first introduced them to our readers. Mr. Sydney, after reading a letter, looked up at his wife, who sat reading also, and said, "Laura, what has become of Catherine, the waiting woman you had a short time since."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Sydney, laying aside her book with an air of interest. "It was quite an oversight in me not to have learned, at the time, where she was going, for it was my purpose, if ever she were disengaged again, to have taken her steadily into my service if possible; but why did you ask the question?"

"Because," said he, "I have a letter here which she ought to see, and I feel sorry that you can give me no clue to find her. Do not any of the servants know?"

"Oh! no, they never liked Catherine; she was too mad an abolitionist for them; even Dina said, 'Katy was a proud thing, sticking up about what was none of her business; better let the black folks alone, and take care of herself, she would have enough to do at that.' I liked Catherine," added Mrs. Sydney, "She had been at the South, and I must confess I have often thought, since she left, of what she told me."

It was the first time Mrs. Sydney had made any admission of the kind to her husband. It made an opening for him to give her the history of the horse and wagon.—

So far from being angry, she laughed heartily, and said, "who would have thought that still, demure little Kate had so much spirit and decision."

"It has procured for her a good home," said her husband, and he read the letter he had just received from Friend Worthington, which ran as follows:—

" Dear Friend:

We are now on our way home, and, if God permit, will take up with thy invitation and make thee a call, especially, for that friend Stanly desires to give a course of lectures in thy vicinity. We have happily disposed of Fanny. She is placed in the family of a brother of mine, where she will be kindly cared for, and her labors not severe. I wished to call on thee, not only for the satisfaction of seeing thee, but also, having resolved, after communicating with my wife about it, to take, as our own, the young lady at thy house,-she who helped us off on that memorable night, and who was certainly incited and strengthened thereto by the "Spirit of council and of might." Though not rich we have a good

farm, and no children, and have been long looking for such an one as I think we have found in her.

I am thine for the truth,

EZRA WORTHINGTON."

They had hardly finished reading the letter, when the stage set down at the gate Ezra Worthington, (not now discomposed and soiled, but in true Quaker like serenity and purity,) and his young friend, Edward Stanley. Mr. Sydney saw, with pleasure, that these guests were received, by Mrs. Sydney, with more kindness of manner than similar guests had ever been welcomed before. The disappointment of Friend Worthington was great, to find that Catherine was gone and no one knew where. As to Edward's feelings, we may judge from what Friend Worthington said to him when they were alone. " Thee seems to me," said he, "like one in a butterfly chase; thou hast all but thy hand on her, and she is gone."

"It has always been thus," said Edward, "from the hour that she parted from me in my sick chamber, with a prayer I can never forget. I never could find her. I have enquired for her often, but she was just gone, and she is now; for now I know it is she. They called her Catherine Sinclair, and I know there is but one Catherine Sinclair! But I will try to do my duty here, and God will take care that I shall not always lose her."

"That is right," said the Friend, "do God's work, and He will work for thee."

The course of lectures in the village was an admirable one. The young lecturer, far from yielding to his disappointment, appeared to gird himself anew for the conflict; like a true son of Christ Jesus, who, far from being weakened by adversity, gathers strength therefrom. The season of temporal affliction is often a season of spiritual joy The old Hebrew has it, that the Lord appeared to Moses in fire in a

bramble bush; the fire and the brambles are both typical. Often, since, has he appeared to his people out of a bramble bush. And so it was here; this youth who had conceived a true love for her who had been a means of his salvation, had, from that time, sought to see her, and, owing to the circumstances of her situation, her removal to another city, and other fortuitous events, had always failed to renew the acquaintance. The following lines were thrown off by him at one of these seasons of disappointment:

"Come to me, vision bright,
With that angelic air,
As when, on that remembered night
You bowed for me in prayer.

The tears that fell like rain,
Like spring's trasparent showers,
When shall they fall for me again,
As in those holy hours?

Where are those eyes that were Like angels to me given? Whose rapt, adoring fire could bear My soaring soul to Heaven.

Those sweet and hallowed tones
That I have longed to hear;
Are they on earth no longer known,
But in some Heavenly sphere?

Thou guide star who hath led
To God my wandering mind!
Where are thy gentle glories shed?
Thy home where shall I find?

I miss thee—all heavenly ray, Yet may not, must not mourn; Onward and upward lies my way; Sweet thoughts of love begone."

There was a sort of anti-slavery revival under these lectures. With a soul whose strength of love for the right was truly Godlike, young Stanley threw his soul into his lectures, and the consequence was, that there was a strong excitement throughout the place. Many were convinced by, and many resisted, the truth. "The Spirit shall lead into all truth," saith Christ.—The Truth, as it is in Jesus, the great truth

of the Gospel, our salvation by Grace, is the great central truth, but all other truth radiates from that, and the soul that has truly received the light of the great truth, will never reject the fainter rays from the same fountain. An event, which was a source of great satisfaction to the lecturer was, that amidst those who there yielded to the Spirit, which shall lead into all truth, was the wife of Alfred Sydney, who seemed to give her heart up to Christ and the slave simultaneously. The tears that she shed on the bosom of the husband, to whom she was restored with ten fold love, fell, as it were, like a weight of unspeakable glorious reward on the heart of the young reformer; and, after a few more delightful days, he went, with Friend Worthington, to renew his labors in the great city of New York.

CHAPTER XI.

The Good Mistress.

When Catherine arrived in New York. she was received by Elizabeth Moore, " not as a servant, but as a sister beloved."-Elizabeth lived in a large, commodious house in a pleasant situation. Within its walls, order reigned without restraint, and religion without formality. That delightful, home feeling, which so few know how to impart to a stranger, was experienced at once in this place. There was a mixture of personal and social independence, in the whole economy of the household, which was the work of a great and good mind .-Catherine never found work so pleasant before, for none, thoughtlessly, disarranged her work when done, for they considered her work as their own. Elizabeth's first rule was, great regularity in time; the next was in place; another, was regularity in

living; and another, in expenditure. Elizabeth was always willing to pay good help well. She never was in haste about it, but selected with caution. She interested herself in everything that related to her domestics, and made their concerns her own. Every day, they had a season of reunion, reflection and prayer. If any disturbance arose in the family, Elizabeth settled it with the parties herself, as if she were their mother. If she had a bad domestic, a circumstance she tried to avoid, she did her best to reform them, and if she failed, they were dismissed from the family, but not forgotten. They were followed up by a charity that never failed. In her government of her children, she was said to hold them by a silken cord. She was so good a practical physiologist, that she had not the trouble many mothers have with their children. She always expected every domestic to appear at her table in plain neat attire. It was always a cheerful and hap-

py reunion, as they gathered in from their various employments. There was, almost always, some friends with them, and delightful discourse enlivened their plentiful, healthful, hospitable table. Elizabeth now took great pains with Catherine, whose expanding mind promised to repay She was so active, that she found time, not only for her in-door work and some study, but was also a useful assistant to Elizabeth in her labors of love .--One morning, after Catherine had passed some happy weeks in her new home, Elizabeth went out on her usual rounds. Returning home, she went into the work room where Catherine was employed with the others.

"Catherine," said she smilingly, and in a peculiarly significant tone, "does thee know Friend Stanley, the lecturer?"

"Yes," said Catherine, trying to speak indifferently, but with many "blushing oppositions," appearing and vanishing from her face, "I knew him, some time since.—
I lived at his father's.

"What made me ask thee," said Elizabeth, "was this; I was at the anti-slavery office this morning, and found there friend Stanley and Friend Worthington, who had just arrived. Charlotte Grey's husband was in, and said to me soon after I came in, 'how is Catherine Sinclair?'

'Catherine Sinclair!' said Stanley, scarcely waiting for me to reply, and laying his hand on Grey's shoulder; 'do you know anything about her?'

'Sir,' said Grey, 'do you remember the lecture you gave at such a place, at such a time? (naming the time and place) and do you remember you adverted there to the case of a young female, who had aided in the escape of some slaves?'

' I do,' said Stanley.

'Miss Sinclair was that young female,' said Grey, 'and was present at the time.' Grey is over fond of a joke, and I knew there was some mischief in it, for friend Stanley was much moved, and Grey greatly enjoyed it, laughing heartily. So I thought I would ask thee on my return, and thee could explain it to me. But Grey, turning to me, said, 'Catherine now lives with friend Moore.'

'I am happy to renew my acquaintance with you,' said Edward Stanley, giving me his hand.

'I have so little doubt of that,' said I,
'that I was just about asking thee to make
thy home with me, while in the city.' He
replied that he was with Worthington; so
I extended the invitation to him, and they
will all be here at supper, before the lecture, and I shall not willingly excuse any
one from attending, unless, indeed, Catherine, who has heard him before, choose to
remain at home."

The lecturer was very happy that evening. So thought the audience who heard him, and so thought Catherine. What a

rounion? what a week of happiness! The unfolding of these pure, lovely hearts to each other, the mutual history of their lives since God made their souls one, who, who can do justice too? for with it was woven that history of the affections which love vields to love alone. He told her, 'tis true, how tried his lot had been from the hour when duty was made plain to him, the opposition and alienation of his nearest friends, his espousal of the cause of the slave, and the incidents of his public career: , but he wrought in with this, that life which as within the soul's vail. He told her how his sick chamber looked after their first parting, and how deeply the new born love in his heart was baptised in tears. neve. prayed," said he, "but what I felt as if you prayed with me. I would sing, and your voice seemed mingling in the charms. Yet I loved not God the less. I prayed to him, I loved him the more, for was it not virtue and religion I loved in you? As soon as I was well, I sought you, but vainly, until sent back to my studies.

"After completing my studies, I went to the South with an intention of preaching Oh! Catherine, who that has known or loved God could remain there? I was obliged to preach the truth, and then obliged to fly for preaching it. But, dearest Catherine, it was the unity of our destiny, and I know that my personal experience at the South has given an interest to my lectures they would not otherwise have had. I returned full of sympathy for the slave, and gave myself, in the name of Jehovah, to their cause. How little did I think on the night of the lecture in when I made that off hand, boyish avowal which has furnished such an inexhaustible fund of mirth and raillery for Grey, that you were in the crowded hall; and yet, after all, I remember, after I had spoken those words, that a strange indefinable unconsciousness we sometimes have of an-

other's presence, without any outward evidence, passed through my mind like a flash of lightning. I had almost despaired of ever seeing you till that evening in the porch of Mr. Sydney's house, when your hasty whisper to Worthington sent a tide of new life through my heart. You were gone in a moment. You know our situation, and that I could not follow you, if it were you, of which I had no other evidence than the tones of a whisper indistinctly heard, I resolved to return and see you. All through my toilsome journey, hope supported me; but when I returned to Mr. Sydney's in high expectation, and was again disappointed, my heart sunk. Some fatality seemed to separate us, and might do so till you were another's. Nothing but my devotion to the great work I had undertaken, and my faith in God restored me .-I arrived at New York. I had no thoughts that happiness was so near. I went into the office, and when Grey mentioned your

name, if the sound had fallen from angel's lips, it could not have come more like heaven's music to my ears. I should see you, should hear you speak! The thought filled my heart. I could ask no more."

It was the desire of Ezra Worthington that Catherine should remain a year under the educational training of Elizabeth Moore. After that period had expired she removed for life to her new home with the Worthingtons. Here, in that season when nature is all eloquent of love and beauty, Edward Stanley, and Catherine Sinelair were united, who had loved so well, and, for a wonder, had loved so wisely. The marriage of such a pair, devoted to Christ and Christ's poor, is a blessing and only a blessing.





